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DOSSIER

Robert Ashley. Pick a mike—any mike.
Photo by Nathaniel Tileston

MUSICALLY SPEAKING

I called up composer **Robert Ashley** to ask him what he was up to. "So—are you going to be doing 'this' or 'that'?" "*Au contraire.*" was his response, until I pointed out to him that he was dropping "*au contraire*" a rather lot. "Yes, I am," he acknowledged. "You know, if you say 'au contraire' a lot, no one can argue with you."

Well said. That's Robert Ashley for you—the fifty-two year old "first conceptual punk" (as one music critic called him) always uses words musically, rhythmically, hypnotically, whether he's performing or not. The sounds are as important as the meanings, and often, in his compositions, the sounds are the meaning—challenging, quite deliberately, the whole nature of meaning. Ashley picks up where John Cage, considered the father of avant-garde music, leaves off. For Cage, any sound can be music. Even silence. For Ashley, the most colloquial sound—that of intimate thought or everyday conversation—is the stuff of music.

"Robert Ashley talks like Negroes sing," wrote a French magazine, and it's true. That doesn't just refer to his mellifluous sweet speaking voice, but to Ashley's music, which, though often classified as "contemporary classical" or "traditional avant-garde," is really stream-of-consciousness, intellectualized rap music. It's layered, like popular funk, with vocals, percussion, synthesizer, and keyboards. But the keyboard part here is contributed by new music piano-improviser/composer "Blue" Gene Tyranny, whose avant-boogie woogie, combined with Ashley's musical verbiage, pushes it into what the French (who adore Ashley) call *rock ernère* (ernereal rock).

In the sixties, after studying psychoacoustics and music, Ashley co-organized the ONCE festival of performing arts, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he began performing his own solo pieces, with tape, often stunning and bewildering his audiences by calling everything he did—whether it was talking or howling—"music." Then he went on to the Center for Contemporary Music at Mills College, in Oakland, California (Director from 1969–81), and in 1975–76 began his foray into the world of television, producing and directing his first "television opera," *Music With Roots in the Aether.*

But it wasn't until he wrote his voluminous video opera, *Perfect Lives Private Parts*, that Ashley was able to meld all the elements of his work, or his mind, into one. *Perfect Lives* began as a libretto in the seventies—a tale of the mythology of the mid-west, with long rambles about characters by Ashley, set against the amazing piano dexterity and experimenting of Tyranny. Simplistic as its tale seems (a narrator, "R," and the World's Greatest Piano Player, meet up in a bar in the mid-west, and rob a bank), it's really, in structure and content, a parallel to consciousness. It describes in seven parts the process of, says Ashley, "the making of a new soul." (There are seven levels of consciousness, according to the *Tiberan Book of the Dead.*)

Ashley began to travel and perform the piece with Tyranny and two performer/singers, Jill Kroesen and David Van Tieghem. Video cameras, TV sets, and some live and taped footage were added to the performance. Ashley stood center stage, wearing a semi-rumpled suit, his face sometimes made-up like the American flag, reciting the libretto for hours, while the piano and singers went on in the background. But it wasn't enough—and Ashley, who's always had a talent for working with great people, began to collaborate with videomaker John Sanborn, and composer/sound producer Peter Gordon. Gordon mixed the sound to emphasize its layers; Sanborn began creating what will soon become (all commissioned by the BBC's Fourth Channel) truly the world's first video opera. The first part, blithely called "Music Word Fire And I Would Do It Again," was finished last year, and it is no less than the *Waste* of videotapes—dense, intense, iconic, mythical, mystical, and absolutely compelling: something truly avant-garde, because it is like nothing else ever seen or heard. We can hopefully look forward to seeing all of *Perfect Lives* (all seven half-hours) on American airwaves (usually the last to catch on) sometime this fall.

Meanwhile, Ashley (obviously in his most fertile period), has composed a new piece, and has started performing it. *Atalanta Acts of God*. It includes singers, dancers, live video footage, Tyranny (as always), a live sound mix with prerecorded tapes, and, as ever, a monumental conceit. *Atalanta* is about the act of thinking, about spontaneity within structure, about chaos under control. No small undertaking. "*Au contraire*," says Ashley.

—Merle Ginsberg

Wenders studies under Nicholas Ray at the Famous Directors' School.

Photo from *Lightning Over Water*

WENDERS-BENDERS

Although he's one of Germany's most widely discussed postwar directors, the interviewer's challenge in Wim Wenders (pronounce the w's as v's) lies in trying to find questions he hasn't already blatantly dealt with in his films, let alone in the prepared interview included in his press kit: "I hesitate to talk about myself. Okay, I'm a filmmaker, my films are even very personal, but never private." And: "The Yanks colonized our [Germany's] subconscious. Every time I come back to the United States I feel like I'm jumping forward in time."

Along with his contemporaries, Werner Herzog and the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Wenders burst on the American viewing public in the mid-seventies, leaving some strong impressions of his own: his collaborations with Austrian playwright and novelist Peter Handke, ***The Goalie's Anxiety At the Penalty Kick*** (1972) and ***The Wrong Move*** (1975), which introduced a fourteen-year-old Nastassia Kinski to an unsuspecting world; the 1974 ***Alice in the Cities*** and 1975's ***Kings of the Road*** being his most highly acclaimed features released in the US.

In 1977 his quietly moving thriller, ***The American Friend***, appeared, and I was hooked. Foremost among its many quirks, it featured the most lucid performance by Dennis Hopper in years, as well as offbeat cameos by famed directors Nicholas Ray and Sam Fuller. Wenders began his adaptation of Joe Gore's Edgar-winning mystery novel, ***Hammett***, in early 1978; it was completed in 1982, did very well in both London and Paris (I saw it in the latter), but has yet to open to a general American release. With Frederic Forrest in the lead, it captures, with color, a genuine *film noir* mood. In 1979 Wenders completed a work he began with Nicholas Ray, ***Lightning Over Water***, a film documenting Ray's last days dying from cancer.

Perhaps the most telling tidbit from his official bio is that Wenders studied medicine and philosophy before going into filmmaking and criticism; he depicts brutal realities with an almost genial bedside manner. A seventeen-minute short, ***Reverse Angle: NYC March '82***, painfully chronicles his state of mind during the final editing of *Hammett* without a trace of bitterness. ***The State of Things*** (1982), his latest feature, is a beautiful, black and white meditation on filmmaking, mercilessly honest, ending on a note that manages at the same time to be awkward, grandiose, downbeat, and touching. He is thirty-eight, struck me as gently laconic in manner, lives in New York City, is working on a film with Sam Shepard called *Paris, Texas* and will begin shooting *The End of the Century*, an sf film, in Australia next year.

—Robert Morales

MM: I understand you were so taken by Hammett in preparing for the film, you lived in his San Francisco apartment house for six months.

WW: It taught me a lesson, too, about research because I didn't learn anything. (Laughs) Except that Hammett didn't sleep much. The place was next door to a fire station, which was already next door when he lived there. There's lots of fire alarms in San Francisco because everything is wooden —so every ten minutes they would come careening out of there, and I would fall out of my bed. So it taught me a really good lesson about research: don't overdo it.

MM: Is his apartment in the movie anything like the real one?

WW: The apartment was very prosaic, totally disappointing. You only wanted him *not* to have lived there, it was so boring.

MM: Maybe he had fun neighbors.

WW: He had. Like in *Hammett* he actually had this affair going on with this librarian in the building. That's research. That's true.

MM: How about your affair with America and American culture? How far does it go?

WW: Well, we got divorced in between and now we're remarried. (Laughter) I live here, I wouldn't know where else I would want to live.

MM: What sort of things do you like to read that are particularly American?

WW: My favorite American writers are mystery writers— and I totally disagree with the, I think, stupid difference people here make about writing and literature and mystery writing. I mean, Hammett was certainly a victim of that. He was just as good as Hemingway at least, if not a bit better.

I very much like Ross Macdonald. I think Patricia Highsmith is one of the best contemporary American writers. She's from Fort Worth, Texas, but she's not really regarded as a major writer because she only writes mysteries . . . Joe Gores is pretty good; I even think that all his other novels are better than *Hammett*. The three he wrote about the repossessing agency—the DKA series—are really extraordinary. Anybody who knows what he's writing about, I'm for that—and Joe really worked as a detective in a similar agency. My favorite is *Gone, No Forwarding*. Ross Thomas is also pretty good.

Wim Wenders reaches for his gat.

Photo by Robin Holland

Of contemporary American writers my favorite is Sam Shepard, who I think is just the best right now.

MM: I know you have plans for a science fiction movie. Are there any sf writers or films that you especially like?

WW: I don't have that big a knowledge of science fiction literature; I know all the conventions. I think I've only read twenty novels, all together.

MM: In your publicity releases you talk about traveling and about how traveling to America is almost dreamlike to you. What do you—

WW: "I get my kicks on Route 66." (Laughter) I guess I'm making films in order to have an excuse to travel all the time. It turned out to be ideal as a profession because I could also work traveling, so a lot of my films are made on the road. I'm comfortable.

MM: It's funny—you seem like a laid back guy, but from the volume of work you've done over the years, you must be a workaholic.

WW: Well, it's possible to be

both at the same time in film, except sometimes when you're shooting. Americans work differently, too: they work more impulsively and then they collapse.

RM: Which directors do you like working today?

WW: More than anybody else I'm looking forward to each time is Martin Scorsese. I think he's amazing.

RM: He has the best sense of structure of anybody around.

WW: And he's a real director. Great sense of pacing, great sense of flow—for his characters and for the atmosphere. And he has

Wim Wenders (cigar in hand) and Sam Fuller (cigar in mouth) discuss whether to burn *The State of Things* or let the studio sit on it for three years.

style. The notion of style is totally getting lost. You see so many films—they have a story and that's all they care about; they shoot it one way but they could just as well shoot it another way, they look just like television because that's what they get away with.

RM: Have you seen any blockbusters that you care to denounce?

WW: Blockbusters? I've seen them all. *E.T.*, of course—I've seen all of Spielberg's; he's one of the greatest storytellers and craftsmen ever. I can't say that these are my favorite films: as much as I get excited, I must also say that you come out of it and you kind of feel a little bit empty . . . because they take you and shake you so much, and they do whatever they want to. One aspect of movies is just to take you and—blow you away. My movies are not like this, but I always like that aspect.

The Australian, George Miller, *Mad Max 2* was one of my favorite pictures last year; it was called *Road Warrior* here. And there's Walter (*The Warriors, 48 Hrs.*) Hill—I like all of his films.

RM: Do you like Brian de Palma?

WW: Not really. One of the films I really hated the year before last was *Blow Out*. I was really . . . appalled. Is that the word, "appalled"?

RM: (Laughs) Yeah.

WW: Which I have my own reasons for—no question that he's one of the few who can tell a story with style.

RM: You find him too cold?

WW: I find him too cold, and I see a lot of contempt for people, I must say. I think it was Pauline Kael who wrote that de Palma loved the women he showed in his films. I think *Blow Out*—if I were a woman I would fight against this film; I think it's full of contempt for women.

RM: What about Paul Schrader?

WW: Because I was working, I never saw *Cat People*. *Blue Collar* was one of my favorite films in '78. Didn't care that much for his second one, *Hardcore*; I saw his point, but . . . I liked *American Gigolo* much better.

RM: Do you know the original *Cat People*, by Jacques Tourneur?

WW: Oh yeah, sure.

RM: How about the film he made with Robert Mitchum, *Out of the Past*?

WW: It's one of the few movies I have a cassette of. I don't believe in taping. I only have three films on tape. One is *Seven Women*—crazy film, John Ford's last picture—because that was on [TV] the day I bought the stupid machine . . . The other one? [Edgar G. Ulmer's] *Detour*. I got that and *Out of the Past* because they almost come together.

I found out very soon that this was not really the way to look at films, the way to preserve them. I know these people who have huge libraries, thousands of films on tape, and find myself kind of bored by it . . . they've lost the impulse to go see movies because they're into collecting tapes. I'd rather wait till a film comes around again.

RM: And if you have too many of them, it's like having records you can never listen to.

WW: There you go. With records I feel it's different because that's their original form—they appear as records. I don't have the means to collect films so I don't want to collect tapes. I also don't collect cassettes of records: I want to have the record.

RM: If only from *The State of Things*'s soundtrack, one can tell you like a lot of new wave music.

WW: Yeah, I'm glad it happened because all through the mid-seventies I found myself buying only old records: a lot of blues, another old Chuck Berry record, or some obscure rockabilly. I thought, well, maybe I'm getting too old. In '78, something like that, something happened and now I'm excited again.

RM: Is it the energy?

WW: Yeah. Also, that's one of the reasons I'm in New York: you can see a lot of groups here, more than anywhere else. I very much like Tom Verlaine, Psychedelic Furs, Echo and the Bunnymen, the Bongos, all of them. There's another group from Los Angeles, but I only saw them there a few times and I never even found a record of theirs in New York: they're called the Plugz.

RM: And they're good?

WW: (With deep, dreamy satisfaction) They are wonderful. Another group called the Minutemen—ever hear of them? All their songs are one minute. (Laughter) They're very good.

RM: Would you ever want to do a concert film?

WW: I wonder. I think it's a very limited medium. Scorsese did it really well in *The Last Waltz*, and the Woodstock film is probably a bigger thing than the whole event itself . . . but there's such an inflation of music on film and tape now, and you have this channel where you can see twenty-four hours of music . . . so I think the fun is out of that. I remember seeing (Frank Sinatra's) *The Girl Can't Help It*, and I was real excited, because that was the only place you could see Eddie Cochran or Gene Vincent; also, I think rock'n'roll is so much nicer in movies in a fictional context: the whole kick of it is that it is involved in this ridiculous story. That, I think, is creative filmmaking—so that these people will suddenly pop up and play. Or like in Antonioni's *Blow Up*, with the Yardbirds . . . I want to see that movie ten times because of that scene—when they smash the guitar.

CUTTING UP

Brion Gysin, master of the cut-up technique, inventor of the Dreamachine, author of *The Process* and collaborator with William Burroughs on *Minutes To Go*, *The Exterminator*, and *The Third Mind*. His new book with Terry Wilson, *Here To Go: Planet R-101*, has just been released by Re/Search Publications in San Francisco. This interview was made by poet/photographer Ira Cohen in Paris, December 1982.

Brion Gysin: I'm wiping out the tape as we go . . . and we're going to talk about really just what's happening—and really what's happening is that we're going to try to sell this book.

Ira Cohen: Which book?

BG: *Here To Go.*

The sands of Present Time are running out from under our feet.

IC: Oh. *Here To Go*. Well, it really seems to be selling itself although it's not being sold because the books are not where the reviews are . . . or where the public is, but there are a lot of people who are ready to read it.

BG: It's beautiful to look at, too, I think.

IC: It makes what is painted happen, in areas not even spoken about—maybe we could get into some of those areas.

And why not?

IC: Did you really run the

tape back all the way to the beginning?

BB: Yeah.

IC: You're erasing everything that you said. I think you're mad.

BB: No, I'm not mad.

IC: Then why are you doing that?

BB: Bad. (laughter)

The Great Conundrum. What are we here for? Is all that ever held us here in the first place.

IC: You're talking you made some interesting remarks about science fiction and the chapel of science fiction and dealing with certain religious thoughts—you're talking about your book about the new satellite and everything else and now you're erasing it all.

BB: That's right, don't you think that that's what these machines are about—this is what the whole science fiction world is about.

IC: Are we recording something for some particular purpose or are we just gonna erase this recording as well?

Fear.

BB: We're recording this for *Heavy Metal*—and this is what they should be interested in, the fact that you can do it, and you can say it, and you can wipe it out just as quickly—and that is what is happening through the whole science fiction world in fact—as you know, people who break into computer systems have only to make one false move and they wipe out whole sections of that computer's memory.

IC: Either a false move or a correct move, depending on your point of view.

BB: Well, it's mostly children who've broken into these systems like that—that Ivy League boys' school where they broke in and destroyed the whole Canadian intelligence system by just pushing the wrong button—they did, they knocked out the whole Canadian intelligence memory bank—by telephone! They picked up the telephone and did it. So this is what we're all now branched into, these possibilities.

The answer to the Riddle of the Ages has actually been out on the street since the First Step in Space.

IC: One of your main things has always been to erase the word.

BB: Yeah, well, that's what we're doing right now.

IC: So now you're erasing so I have to put up with that (laughter). But I mean, don't you really want to erase the word so you can re-write the word?

BB: When I say erase the word, I mean erase the fucking word—wipe it out.

Who runs may read but few people run fast enough.

IC: But still, you're putting out books—

BB: You realize that it doesn't have my name as the author—it says, 'Here to Go—Brion Gysin interviewed by Terry Wilson.' He's the author, not me.

IC: Well, maybe the machine did it.

What are we here for? Does the great metaphysical nut revolve around that?

BB: A machine could very well be the author—and my whole idea in regard to—this is all touching what is supposed to be the roots of language and poetry—I wanted to call that Machine Poetry. Everyone's toenails cripped up in horror at the idea. They thought it was a contradiction, so they've called it 'Poesie Sonore' or something like that.

IC: I must say that it sounds a bit like snoring.

BB: I snore all the way through it. . . . No, that's not the way to do it—it's mostly the shit that's caught off the air, that's caught by accident—they're swinging up there just as they're going to be swinging in space. . . . Well, aaahhh what the results are going to be.

IC: What is this new Bardo book about?

Well, I'll crack it for you right now.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE COMPANION

ART: CHRISTOPHER HOFFMAN / WRITTEN BY BRAD BALFOUR

THIS ARM HAS NOWHERE TO GO, NO JOB, NO FUTURE. FOR THE MOMENT, BUT SHORTLY, HE WILL DRIVE DOWN THE LONG ROAD LEADING STRAIGHT TO THE FINAL EXIT. (CUT 2 FREE, BRYAN!)
WHAT'S THE MATTER
WELL, I'M BUTCHER, I'M A BUTCHER IN THE SUPERMARKET FROM WHICH THERE'S NO ESCAPE. AND I'M GOING TO BE BURIED. I'M GOING TO BE BURIED A VICTIM OF SCHEDULES, DEADLINE DRIVENNESS AND BUDGET
HMM. ACCORDING TO THIS OVERVIEW, MY STREET AS A WHOLE IS LOCATED IN A DIMENSION OF WEIRDNESS. YET CERTAIN SHOWS WILL FLAT
STILL, I'M A DRINKING MAN'S CHOICE. I CAN'T HELP BUYING THINGS MADE OR SOLD AS A POWDER.
WE DESIRED TO LIVE IN THE SUBURBS OF BUCOLIC PRE-BIRTH. THE SMELL OF A BARNYARD, WHO KNOWING A TOO-WORN LAUGH AND A MINUTE... THE DAY RIGHT JOHN FOGERTY.
AT LAST I'M NOT CONDEMNED TO SUFFER TORMENT STUDIO EXECS. COMPLIMENTS, HIS JOKE JOKES FROM HYE.

Iris Cohen (chain) and Brian Gysin (freckles) catalogue nose sizes.
Photo by Anne Nathanson

"There's no way of writing about modern society, or the psychological situation that we find ourselves in, that doesn't have some relation to science fiction."

BG: That's about the kind of inner space that the Tibetans, and others like the Egyptians, thought occurred after death—a space in which one found oneself, things are remembered like they're remembered in a museum essentially, things that are ridiculous and so-called valuable things are collected and hung up on walls, or put under glass cases and things like that, which is a sort of an after-life, after all for all those objects there from all times. Human beings have considered that they also might have a museum-type after-life. So the book is really called *Beat Museum—Bardo Hotel*. The hotel where that whole gang lived in the 1950's-60's like that.

What are we here for? We are here to go!

IC: So you're talking about William Burroughs, Ian Sommerville and Harold Norse and—

BG: And Ginsey Ginsberg—

IC: And Corso—

BG: Corsey Corso and all those people. Kerouac who stayed a night and couldn't get a room to sleep in, he just came into the bistro.

IC: So what did he do, he just left?

Nobody can rush in and say "Gimme the keys!"

BG: He left and wrote the whole book called *Satori in Paris* or something like that, like he'd been refused . . .

IC: Did you see him?

BG: Never laid eyes on him —Master-Master . . .

IC: There's a certain progression in all your books from *Minutes to Go* to *Here to Go* . . . out into space . . . *Minutes to Go* is somehow an expression of horror about the fact that we have only a few minutes left before it is all over, right?

BG: Well, yes, practically, yes yes . . .

The Bardo Hotel is all holes.

IC: And then *Here to Go* is really about the fact that we're here to go out into space.

BG: That's right, right.

IC: And the Bardo?

BG: Which is the past being a museum, called Beat Museum as if all that bullshit were gathered together, and Bardo Hotel as if the Tibetans had an inside track on what the future's going to be. However you imagine it, this may be the place where you find yourself, so it's a story about all of us and whatever dreadful mental mistakes you make along the way . . .

You check in and check out and there goes a lifetime.

IC: But you are erasing just as you go along . . .

BG: Always, always.

IC: Just as you erased this tape that we just made.

BG: Rubbing out the very words—would you like to stop and hear some of those words? We could hear a blast of (*tape cuts ahead*) a culture symbol.

The Bardo has 49 rooms on seven floors.

IC: Well, how as a writer can you compete with this descending potentiality?

BG: You can't, you can't—you can't get right to ears. You're using your eyes, and mouthing these words with your mouth or your mind or whatever—you get into another kind of state if you like, but essentially the big mass of people are always, always have been, and always will be turned on by ears.

IC: But somehow the idea of the cut-up technique seems—

BG: Well, the idea was to break in on a message being sent by Big Brother—a powerful state, state calling itself Culture—claiming to have very ancient roots in national origins and things like that. By disrupting language as a symbol system one gets some kind of reaction from them. It was essentially an experiment which is still going on, an experiment which failed, but which is still going on. Obviously, the world didn't blow up because I was fucking up their message lines—they had other ways, like they went into transistors and miniaturization—they're getting so *small*, so *tiny*, like that, where people are making an hour's broadcast into a minute's broadcast and it's down to tiny fractions of seconds — pico-second broadcasts are enough to carry the DNA message in a chromosome cell arrangement—these messages can essentially be reduced to very, very sharp and almost imperceptible directions in life—and as we all know, we all know the situation is fucked.

Any temporary resident may spend a day and a night in each room, but then must leave.

IC: Do you consider yourself a science fiction writer?

BG: Ah, anybody who is going to write about anything has to consider an element of science fiction in it. There's no way of writing about modern society, or the psychological situation that we find ourselves in, that doesn't have some relation to science fiction. Almost all of the science fiction of the past—I mean through the nineteenth century, let's take the rather neglected case of Jules Verne. *Everything* that he predicted has come true, everything, just everything—underseas submarines, voyages to the moon and so on, and nobody's even studied where this came from—how did he get this kind of information which has proven to be so true? Everything, naturally, has to have a science fiction angle. Science fiction has gotten itself out in left field and became a sort of chapel with their pseudo-mystical attachments and their use of the symbol systems that exist out of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* or the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*—but I mean, why not? Those are very interesting angles.

It is up to the client whether or not to come back again.

IC: Well, in this book that you did with Terry Wilson, one aspect that I find quite interesting is that you decided to tell this book to Terry.

BG: More than half the creation was due to him, and his re-arrangement of all the pieces and his very intelligent addition of texts point up what's just been talked about in conversation. It's a book like no other, it's a brand new kind of book—most of the reviews that have been written about it in England say it's a brand new kind of a book, nobody's ever seen this kind of book before—it's a book which both talks and shows with pictures and explains itself and is commented upon by its own texts which are backed up by both Burroughs and by me—It's a really new kind of deal and beautifully presented, too.

IC: You say that we're here to go and that's what this book is called *Here to Go: Planet R-101*, right, and your

ROY KRENKEL

Roy Krenkel, a giant among contemporary illustrators, died on February 24, 1983, following a two-year battle with cancer. He was 64. Born in New York City in 1918, Krenkel lived there all his life (except for the years he spent in the Philippines during WWII). He received his early art training at the Art Students' League, studying with famed anatomy teacher George Bridgeman, and after returning from the war, studied with Burne Hogarth at the Cartoonists and Illustrators' School (later the School of Visual Arts).

Although he was a consummate pen draftsman, Krenkel was never as well known as Frank Frazetta, Al Williamson, Michael Kaluta, or Jeff Jones, despite his formative influence on the careers of all four—and indeed, his influence on at least two generations of illustrators. Krenkel's artistic trademarks were his superbly detailed fantasy cityscapes, heavy-nipped odalisques, and beautifully realized portraits of dinosaurs and primitive peoples. They appeared, in some form or another, in all his published work, from the ill comics he did in collaboration with Williamson and Frazetta in the fifties, to the Ace series of Burroughs covers he painted in the early sixties, to the lavishly illustrated volumes of R.E. Howard stories he produced in the seventies, and in the countless hundreds of doodles and small drawings which appeared in fanzines throughout that time.

Krenkel was the epitome of the bohemian artist, a man who despised organized authority, kept up a running battle with the phone company, and submitted to the draft very reluctantly. His great loves were his art prints, books, and collection of toys. His friends remember him as an hilarious storyteller, kindly, open, gregarious, and extremely generous with his time and opinions. He was modest to a fault; despite his own talent, he never felt that his work measured up to that of his friends.

Al Williamson said of him shortly after his death: "He never said an unkind word about anybody if he couldn't say anything good about somebody. He just wouldn't say it. He would never, never, just put somebody down, saying he's no good, or he can't draw, or anything like that. He also influenced some of my thinking, some of my character. He opened up my mind to a sense of humor, he made me think—like he was the father I never had, or the big brother I never had. So, everything rolled up—a good friend, a brother, a father." While Frank Frazetta remembered him this way: "He lifted your spirits. He was always a lot of laughs. There was never a quarrel, or a bad mood. To have Roy around was to have fun, to have a party, and coffee klatches, and good food. God, he was something else again.

We began to see the good in each other, and appreciate each other's opinions more and more through the years. We really had heavy arguments, but with a chuckle. I know Ellie (Frazetta) loved him, and I never met anybody that didn't like him. He was very, very special. I don't know of anybody in the world—and this is gospel truth—that I loved as much as him."

—S.C. Ringgenberg

Illustration by Roy Krenkel

new book is about—

BB: *How to Go*, it's called *How to Go*—

Pick a spot and land in the dark.

IC: Well, can you give us any tips?

BB: Well, I must say, shamelessly, that I've picked up most of the tips from the *Bardo Thodol*, the Egyptians up there in the mountains.

IC: Tibetans.

BB: Same bullshit, same bullshit—it's amusingly, intelligently and in a very sophisticated way to the point—you read the book with delight . . .

IC: Well, do you think that the ancients knew that we were here to go?

BB: We all know that we're going to die—why, we don't know and what's gonna happen, we don't know, but we have a fairly good guess that it's better to have a body than not to have one, whether it's going to be made out of some incandescent metal or whatever. The one we've got right now, this is the one that interests us. But all the ways out, essentially all the science fiction comic book sort of thing is an extension of religious thinking—these are chapbooks of *how to consider the fact that you're not immortal*—we might all want to be, it's an interesting thought but you're not.

Switch it back to the former image.

IC: Yes. It's true in science fiction that you find an extension of religious thinking. I don't know where else you would find it in contemporary writing.

BB: Nowhere, I mean, nobody's going to put up with all those other kinds of trampled down bullshit and this seems, to a lot of young people to be a new way of looking at an impossible future.

(Excerpts from *Here to Go*.)

PINHEAD'S PROGRESS

Begin with a box of Devil Dogs and a bottle of taco sauce. Then ask yourself, "Am I having fun yet?" If the answer is no, then you aren't holding an issue of **Bill Griffith's Zippy** or **Yow** comics on your lap. Either that, or you don't know how to read.

Zippy the Pinhead burst—or, more appropriately, wandered—onto the underground comix scene sometime between Nixon and Reagan, say, half-past Carter. In his polka-dotted shirt and top-knotted hair (nine strands only, thank you), Zippy the Pinhead, with his endearing two-days growth of stubble, was a cinch to win our hearts. What other comic character deciphers the secrets of the universe from the spin cycles of his local laundromat? Or claims his favorite dinner is three sirloin steaks and a container of Cool Whip? (Devil Dogs and taco sauce come in second.)

Zippy's origins are shrouded in a haze of beers and ketchup. At great risk of brain damage and stunting my growth, I scanned every episode of his adventures, and determined that Zippy was born in Levittown, that his father's name was Harry, and that he recently converted his life savings into quarters to be compatible with video games. But to know these facts is not to know Zippy, who commented while strolling the avenues at Disneyland, "I want to kill everybody here

Zippy visits the set of *Saturday Night Live* to deliver this week's Coonhead script.

Wisdom from the Head of a Pin

"All life is a blur of Republicans and meat."

"Laundry is in the fifth dimension." "I feel like I'm in a toilet bowl with a thumbtack in my forehead." "Did I remember to Xerox my undershirts?" "Why is there a waffle in my pocket?"

with a cute and colorful hydrogen bomb, and who once instructed Liberace Play anything by Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders.

Bill Griffith has run British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Saddam Hussein through a blender and ended up with a bunch of stories that are more fun to read now than it was past Reagan. we hope that they were the first time around. Or maybe, like Zippy, am now ready to report for duty as a modern person. But all credit to Griffith who deals the distinction of having created the only merchandisable Absurdist character in the history of the planet and between you and me I'd like to take a Zippy stamp and tattoo every Smurf, Snoopy and Strawberry Shortcake until they wish they'd never been patented. At least the Zippy calendar tells us what month it is.

Zippy novices should start off with Vols 1 and 2 which not only have Zippy's greatest (?) interludes, but also are printed on soft paper so you can't hurt yourself too satisfying is the trade paperback **Nation of Pinheads** (Rev/Or Press), which consists of the four-panel strips Griffith issued through ZIPSYND to newspapers somewhere in the third dimension. It also costs more, and you need some change for a can or two of Coca-Cola Now.

Michael S Barson

(More Zippy gear than you can shake a stick at, including posters, rubber stamps, postcards, buttons, shirts, calendars, a baseball jersey, and notch some comics are available from Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant St, San Francisco, CA 94110. Send a dollar for a complete catalog.)

POPEYE THE VIDEO GAME IS VERY FAITHFUL TO THE MYTH OF POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN IT CONTAINS ALL OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENTS: THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE BETWEEN POPEYE, OLIVE AND BRUTUS (A.K.A. BLUTO), THE EATING OF SPINACH THAT LEADS TO THE RETRIBUTION GIVEN BRUTUS BY POPEYE, AND THAT POPEYE WILL DO ANY STUPID THING OLIVE WANTS HIM TO.

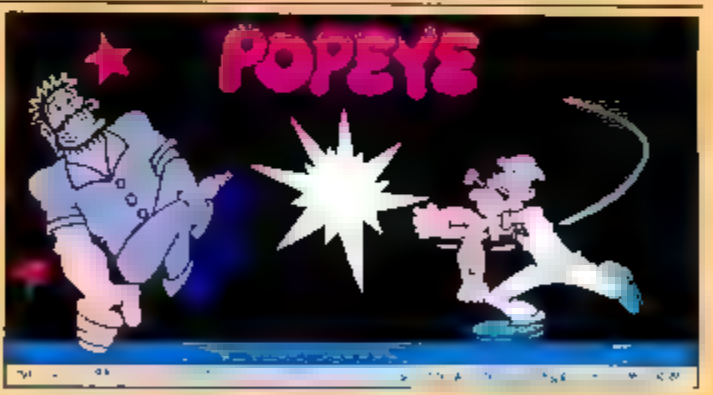
THE STORY IS TOLD IN THREE PARTS IN THE FIRST, OLIVE THROWS HEARTS INTO THE AIR WHICH POPEYE HAS TO CATCH, IN A SETTING REMINISCENT OF ROBERT ALTMAN'S MOVIE ADAPTATION. THE SECOND BOARD FEATURES GUEST APPEARANCES BY WIMPY AND SWEE'PEA IN A STREET SCENE IN WHICH POPEYE MUST TOUCH MUSICAL NOTES IN THE FINAL SCENARIO, HE HAS TO CATCH OLIVE'S CRIES OF H.E.L.P. AND RESCUE HER FROM THE SEA HAG'S PIRATE SHIP. BRUTUS AND THE HAG PESTER POPEYE THROUGHOUT THE GAME. YOU PLAY THE ROLE OF THE SPINACH EATER WHICH IS NO SURPRISE SINCE IT'S HARD TO EMPATHIZE WITH THE OTHER CHARACTERS.

POPEYE IS A GOOD VIDEO GAME. THE GRAPHICS ARE GREAT, MUCH BETTER THAN ANY OF THE MADE-FOR-TV CARTOONS THAT HAVE BEEN CRANKED OUT OVER THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. THERE'S ENOUGH ACTION TO KEEP ANYONE BUSY FROM BEGINNING TO END, AND THERE ARE NO PATTERNS OR FORMULAS TO WINNING.

POPEYE IS THE ORIGINAL AND GREATEST SUPERHERO OF ALL TIME (HE'S STRONGER THAN SUPERMAN, SPIDERMAN, GIANT-MAN, CONAN, WONDER WOMAN, THOR OR THE HULK), AS WELL AS THE MOST FAMOUS HEALTH FOOD ADVOCATE AND VEGETARIAN EVER (WIMPY IS THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS EATING MEAT), AND A CHAMPION OF "WIMMEN'S" RIGHTS (I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T MIND IF JUST ONCE, OLIVE OYL GOT HERSELF OUT OF HER PREDICAMENT).

IT'S NICE TO THINK THAT A CHARACTER WHO GREW UP FROM A COMIC STRIP REMAINS AN ENDEARING AND POWERFUL ICON IN TODAY'S DAY AND AGE. WHAT'S DEPRESSING IS THAT THERE IS NO ONE LIKE POPEYE IN TODAY'S NEW COMIC STRIPS AND THAT MODERN WRITERS, ARTISTS, AND PUBLISHERS ARE CONTENT WITH THAT.

-JOHN HOLMSTROM



Hero as Ex • A moment of silence, please. The first American who boldly went where no man had dared to go before died last month in a North Carolina zoo. He was twenty-six – no mean age for a chimp when it's left with the right up in a Mercury capsule – when, in 1961, he investigated the pressures and physical stresses that astronauts were undergoing, but then he'd received the best training possible: time he pushed the wrong button or pulled the wrong lever he'd get an electric shock through his feet. Once aloft – with the fearless rocket that is aimed at accelerating so fast that it overshot splash-down-zone by more than a hundred miles, nearly drowning its simian payload. After Ham was finally gotten aboard the vessel, every chimp looked so long to pass him out of the door he nearly died again. At the time of boredom have that he's scoring personality – the great eternal orbit beyond the sky, you'd think that his troubles would be over. But, here on Earth his bones go to Washington for study, he was gets stuffed and exhibited at the Space Hall of Fame in New Mexico, and what's left gets incinerated.

Reverse Power • If the Russkies really are into toxic water sports, chemical weapons commonly known as Yellow Rain in Afghanistan and Kampuchea, they're being cleverly clever about it. As everyone knows, the poison bounty they allegedly use occurs often enough in nature that they can disperse pretty. Even more insidious, however, is the way they spread the murderous stuff, infusing the deadly packed grains of pollen into it. When the spray dries, into a powder the power (extracted from bases and hydrothiolums) helps disperse the toxin into victims' breathing passages! Watch for Soviet theories on the rising incidence of death from acute hay fever in those countries.

Slow Job • If getting high going to discos or smoking just doesn't get you off anymore, the might Compton Engineering Corporation has come up with a new gadget that you strap up like a flying squirrel in order to be designed to catch air. So far, you wear a helmet with inbuilt pulsed music. Then you step into a great enclosed chamber in which a monster propeller at the bottom blows air upwards, sucking into the middle you spread your arms and float. The machine costs like a giant Cuisinart, but you're protected from being chopped into human mince by an cushions and a strategically placed safety net.

Memorie Nearest • Are mothers becoming extinct? Those of us old-fashioned enough to have enjoyed a mom may feel kinda coy and nostalgic about preserving the species. But then, we're just prejudiced. These days test-tubes and stuffed toys do the job more efficiently. For instance, at the UCLA Institute for Medical Engineering they're using breathing teddy bears to remind new-borns and premature infants when to inhale and exhale. Containing built-in air bladders fed by a variable speed pump, the cuddly bears are placed near babies in incubators to rhythmically breathe down their tiny wrinkled necks. It's not known if the kids grow up with a predilection for making dirty phone calls. • Baby penguins, too, are being similarly liberated. Scientists at the Hubbs-Sea World Institute in San Diego have found that hatching and rearing chicks without egg-turning parents makes 'em more docile and manipulable. Problem is, the emperor penguins like to sit on their parents' feet covered by folds of abdominal skin. Their solution: a giant stuffed dog in place of a living adult bird.

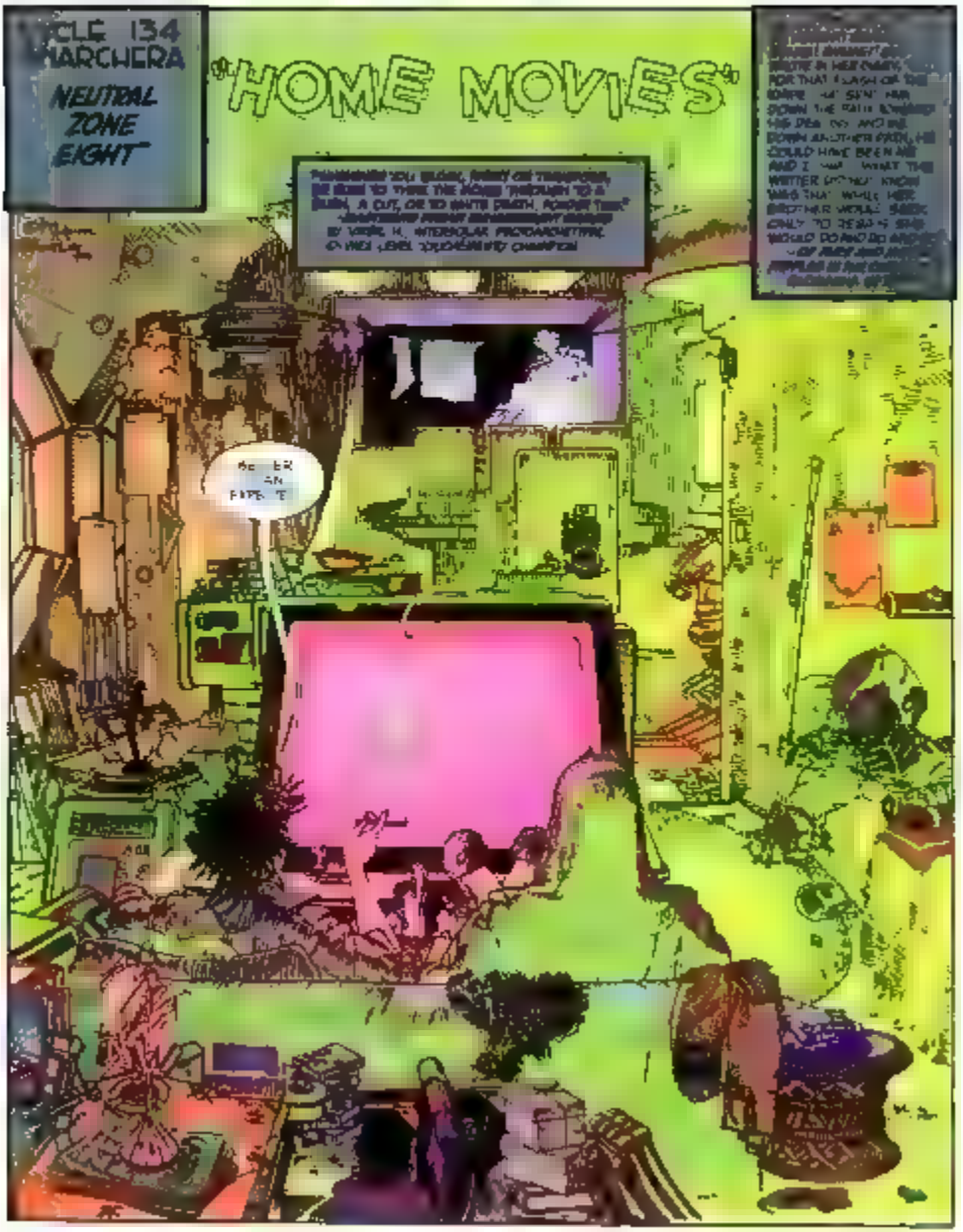
1-0 Diet • The Florida doctor had an e.e.c. one every on the body theory but the cops weren't buying it. They busted the man for selling (at twenty-five bucks each) a revolutionary new diet aid device. It has two design cheek glasses with one red lens and one blue lens. The idea being that if the food looks strange you won't eat it. Of course, that depends on how many Chinese restaurants you've been to. But maybe it had worked in double-blind tests.

Scotch and Sober • Nessie or Nessiteras rhombopteryx (also the Loch Ness Monster, Scotland's greatest tourist attraction, does not exist. Sonar experts using state-of-the-art equipment have sounded Loch Ness waters deeper and longer than ever before and they reckon something's there. Here's why for once, the researchers stayed put over the loch's deepest area and monitored underwater traffic, learning to discount irrelevant signals and training the ears below that, within the deepest, telemetric level of fish). In one instance, the large object they encountered dived from sixty-five meters to a hundred-four-teen meters in sixty-eight seconds! Now, dashing and watch some Russian submarine fresh from strategic Swedish waters, what the hell was it? The scientists are being cautious. "We have not found monsters, we have not disproved them" but have shown that there is still a case to answer. One important fact: the investigation was not financed by the Scottish Tourist Board.

Mark Kaylon

STARSTRUCK

WRITTEN BY ROBERT LEE ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN



CYCLE 135
AMARCHERA

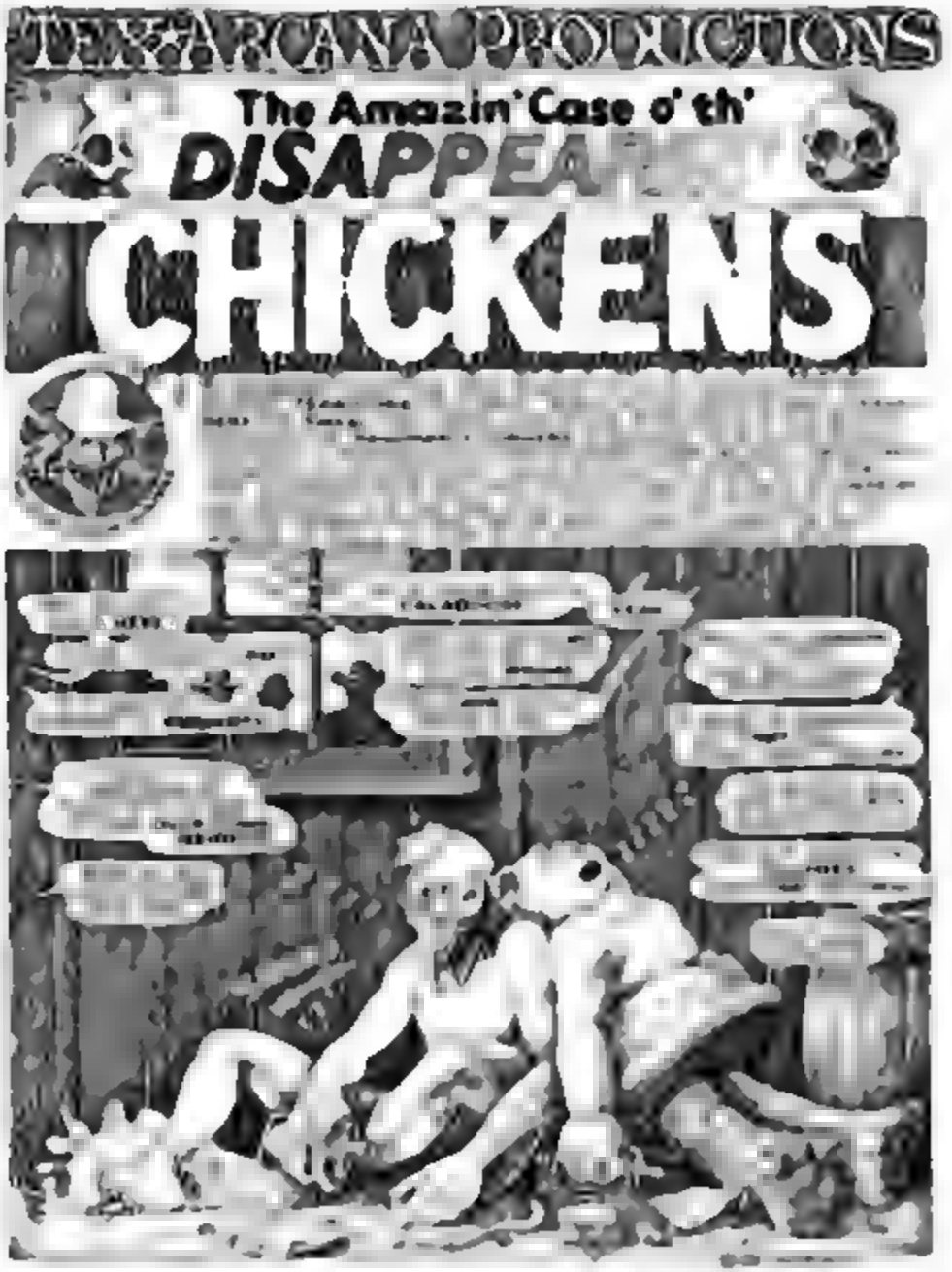
SPLOOSH
IT'S BRONWYN!!

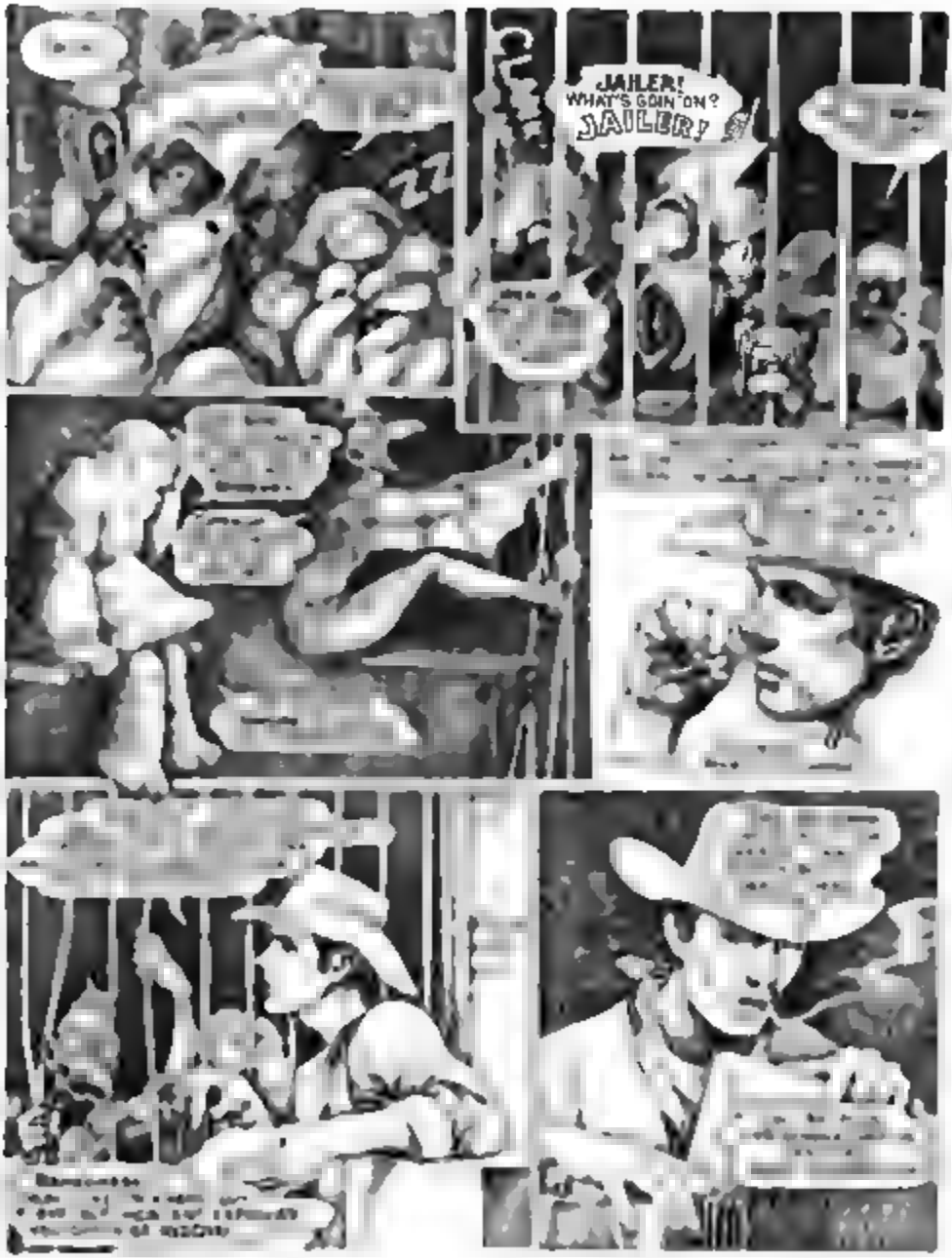
CYCLE 160
AMARCUERA

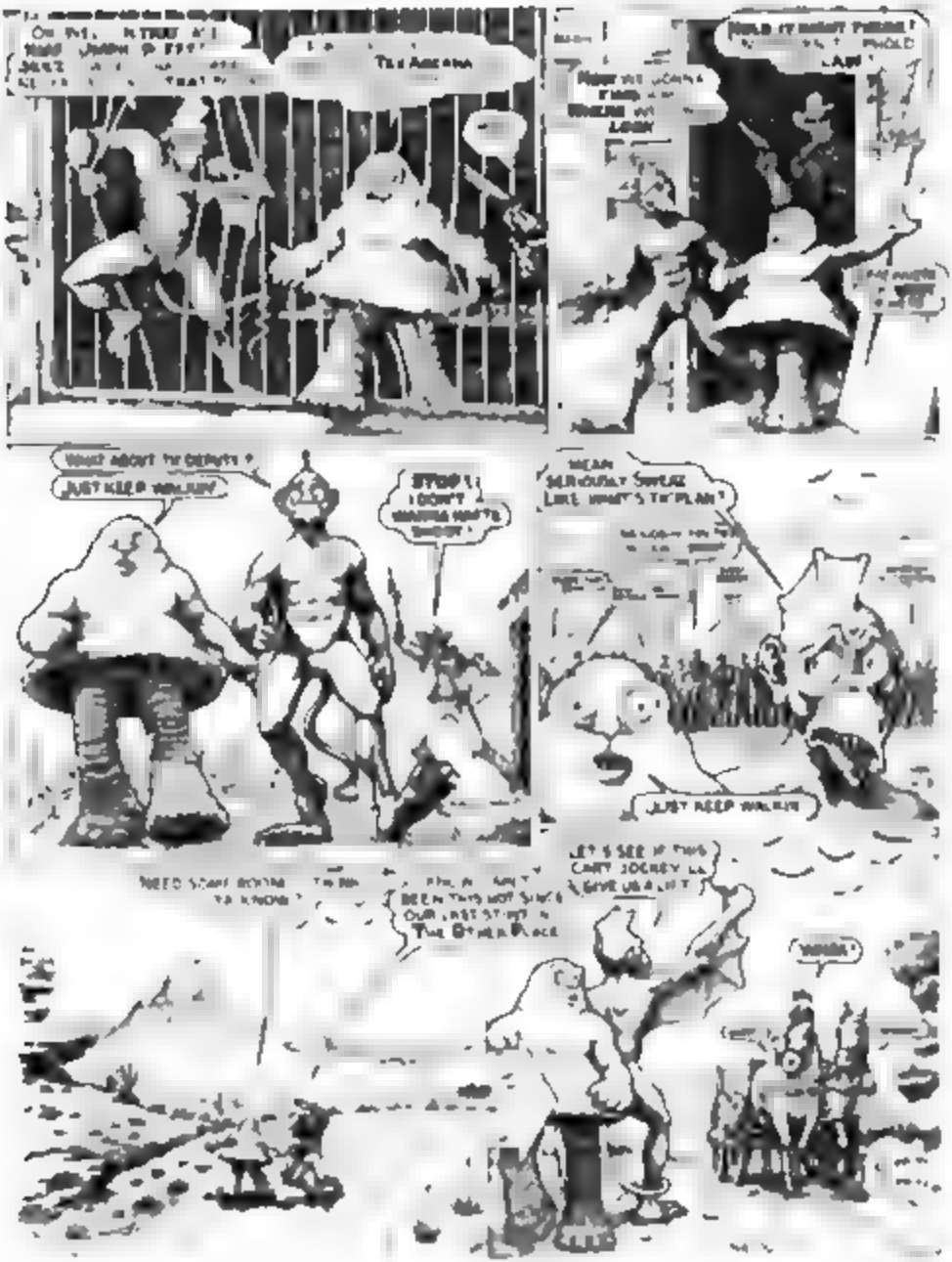
MUSEUM

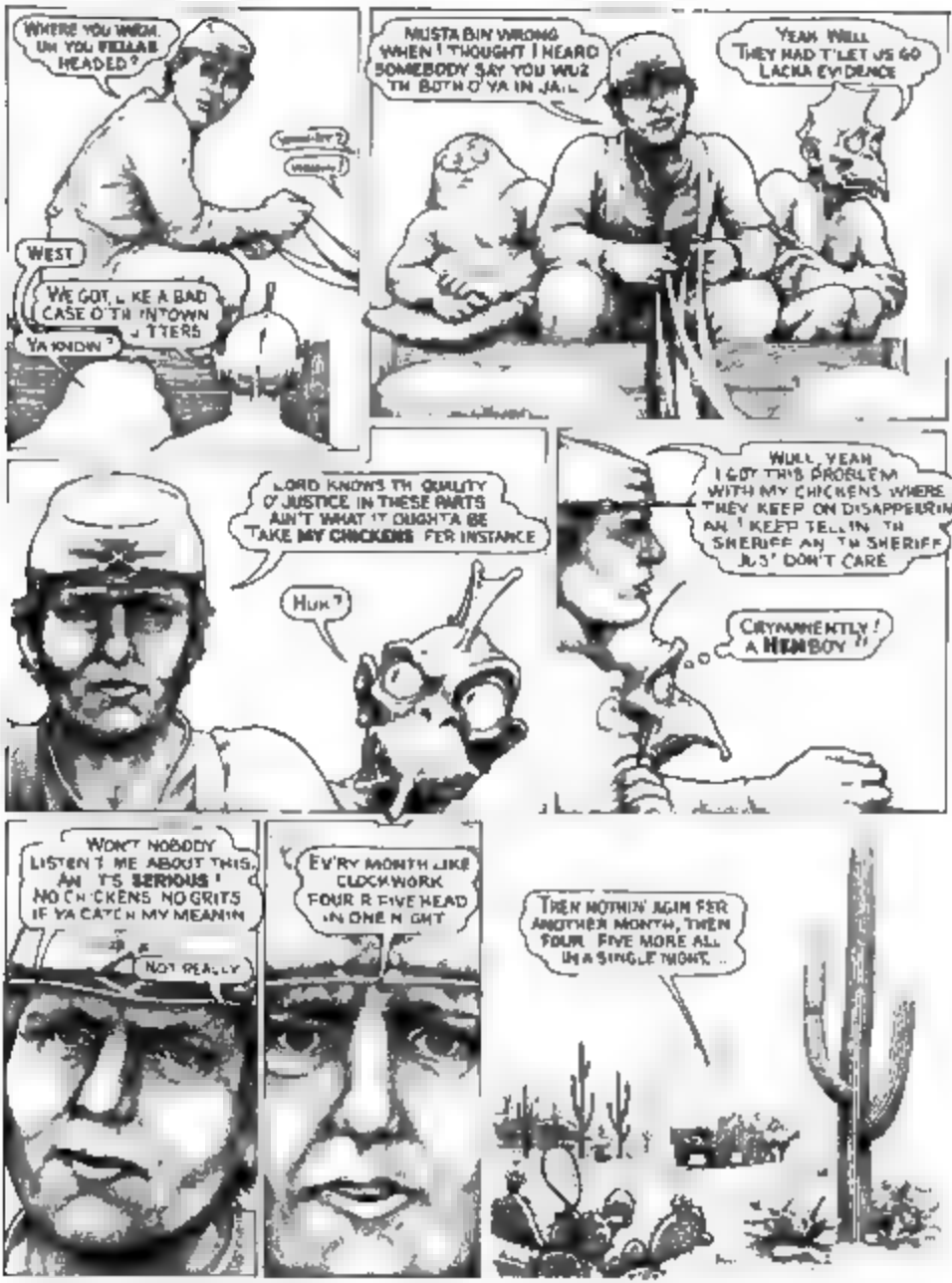
OKAY I HEARD ONE OF 'EM YELL "HELP"
WHADYA GET IF YOU CROSS A PHRYBYN WITH A PLEASURE DROID?
WHAT?
I'M BEEN A LITTLE DOWN IN THE DUMPS ABOUT THAT POOR CHUMPS. HERE'S TO WILKYN, BLANKY AND HOO! MAY THEY'VE HAVE FOUND WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR, WHATEVER HE BOO" WAS.
GITZ
A PHRYBYN WITH A VIT BROWN FACE AND AN I.Q. OF THREE!
WHAZZA MATTER, STUPE? YOU NEVER SEEN A GOOD-LOOKIN WOMAN BEFORE?
WE'LL KEEP YOUR PECKER IN YOUR PANTS, I'M NOT INTERESTED.
SAIL TO YOU, JACK.
OH, YEAH?
LAUGH
I TRAVELED THE GALAXY DONE, BEEN, SEEN EVERYTHING THERE IS TO SEE AND I'VE RUN INTO SOME BOOTIN' STUPID CUSS O'CURS BUT I NEVER RUN INTO AN UGLIER NEUTER-BOOTER THAN
HEY
EASY
DOWN BOY...
A MOST JEEP HEH HEH
CHANGE FACE
HE SAT
HIS IS HE FIRST HE'N HE VE HI 4 REE ROBOTS I'M ALLOWED?
AM RIGHT?
HEY
I'M DEMONSTRATIN' OVER HERE. SHAKE YOUR CIRCUITS AN' SHIFT GEARS IN MA HEAD BEFORE MY ARMS COME OFF.
SOMEBODY EVER TOLD YOU YOU WORK LIKE SOMEONE BUILT A CASHBAH ROBOT?
HEY
WHERE'S GUD MUSTAFF?
THERE THERE IF HEY
THERE WERE HERE
HEY! YOU WITH THE MOUTH! STOP! WHAT'S THAT?
TWO UNIDENTIFIED OBJECTS AND I DO HEAR SOMETHING!
WHA HA! A SWARM OF BEES AN JUST A LITTLE HONESEY ARTIN' AROUND! WONDER WHO THAT COULD A BEEN?
THE LAST TIME I HEARD A VOICE LIKE AT IT WAS COMIN' IN OUTTA MISS REAR!

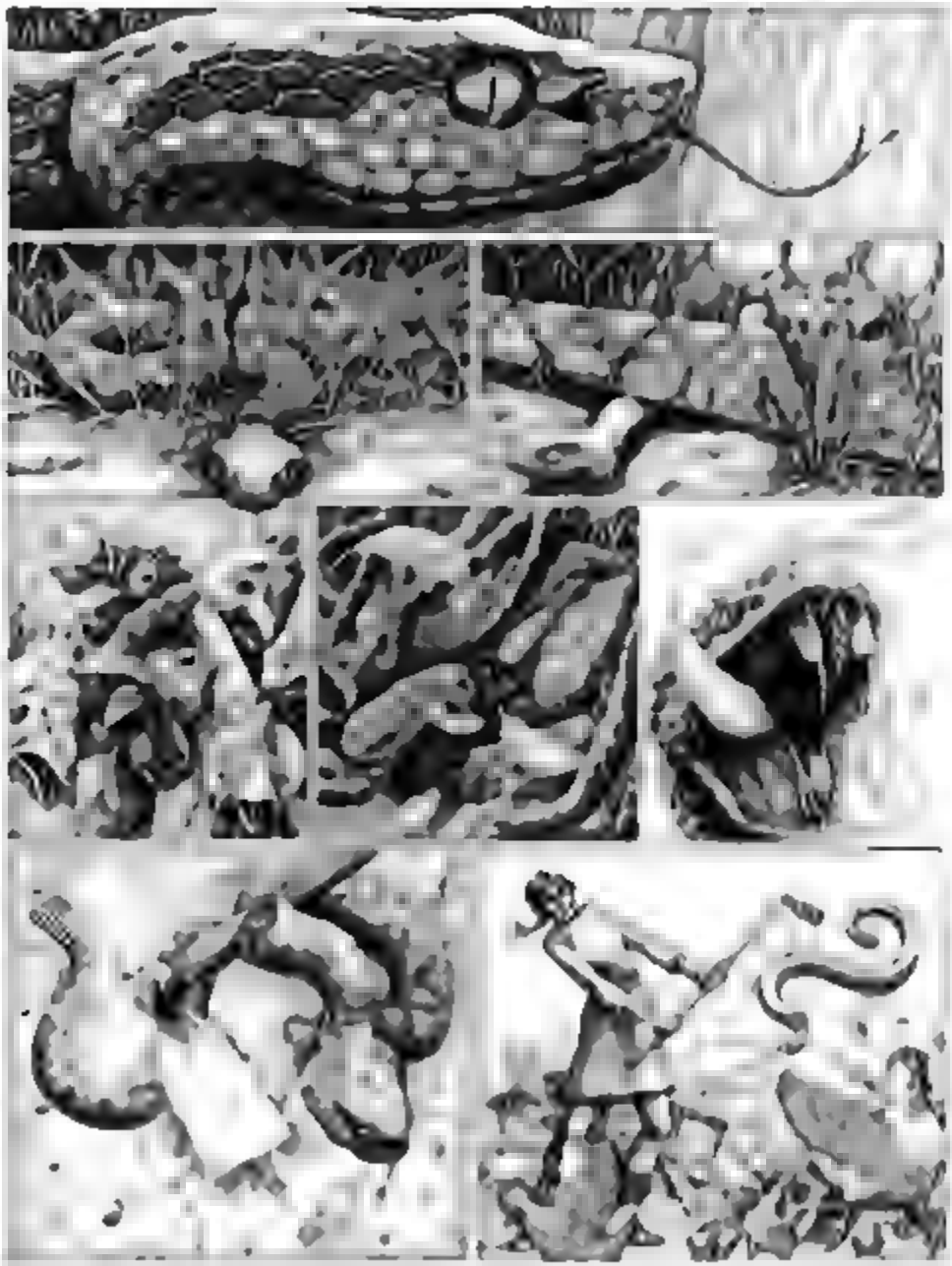
TO BE CONTINUED


TEKARANA PRODUCTIONS
The Amazin' Case o' th'
DISAPPEARING
CHICKENS


JAILER! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? JAILER!


TEE HEEHEE
JUST KEEP WALKIN'
STOP!! I DON'T
JUST KEEP WALKIN'
LET'S SEE IF THIS
CAN'T JOGGEY US
GIVE US A LIFT
WHOA!

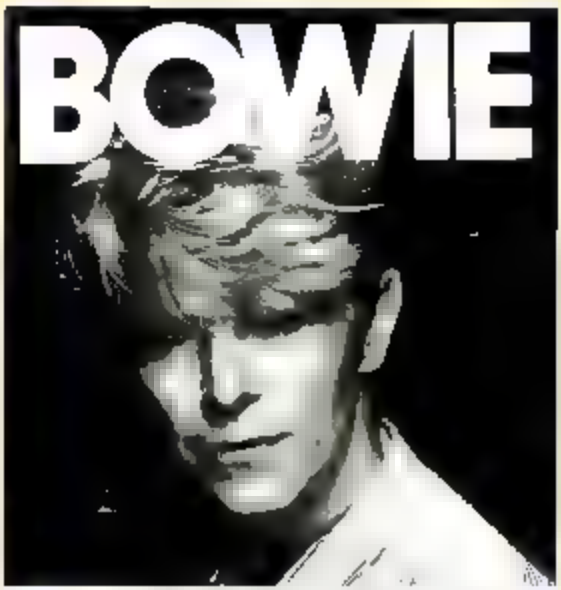

WHERE YOU WHOM. UH YOU FELLAS HEADED?
WEST
WE GOT, LIKE A BAD CASE O'TH INTOWN TTERS
YA KNOW?
MUSTA BIN WRONG WHEN I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEBODY SAY YOU WUZ TH BOTH O'YA IN JAIL
YEAH WELL THEY HAD T'LET US GO LACKA EVIDENCE
LORD KNOWS TH QUALITY O' JUSTICE IN THESE PARTS AIN'T WHAT IT OUGHTA BE TAKE MY CHICKENS FER INSTANCE
HUH?
WELL YEAH I GOT THIS PROBLEM WITH MY CHICKENS WHERE THEY KEEP ON DISAPPEARIN AN I KEEP TELLIN TH SHERIFF AN TH SHERIFF JUS' DON'T CARE
CRYMINENTLY! A HENBOY!!
WON'T NOBODY LISTEN T ME ABOUT THIS. AN IT'S SERIOUS! NO CHICKENS NO GRITS IF YA CATCH MY MEANIN
NOT REALLY
EV'RY MONTH LIKE CLOCKWORK FOUR R FIVE HEAD IN ONE NIGHT
THEN NOTHIN AGIN FER ANOTHER MONTH, THEN FOUR FIVE MORE ALL IN A SINGLE NIGHT...



SORRY

...RY NONE, A WISE MAN ONCE SAID,
... DREAMS ARE ONLY IN YER HEAD."
PERHAPS. WE'LL FIND OUT IN THE NEXT EPISODE

BOWIE



THE INTERVIEW
BY TIMOTHY WHITE

Bowie's odyssey of image and imagination, art and artifice, the glamorous and the grotesque ... in today's finest music magazine

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NAME

STREET

CITY STATE ZIP

I'M AGE

SPACE IS ALL OVER THE PLACE

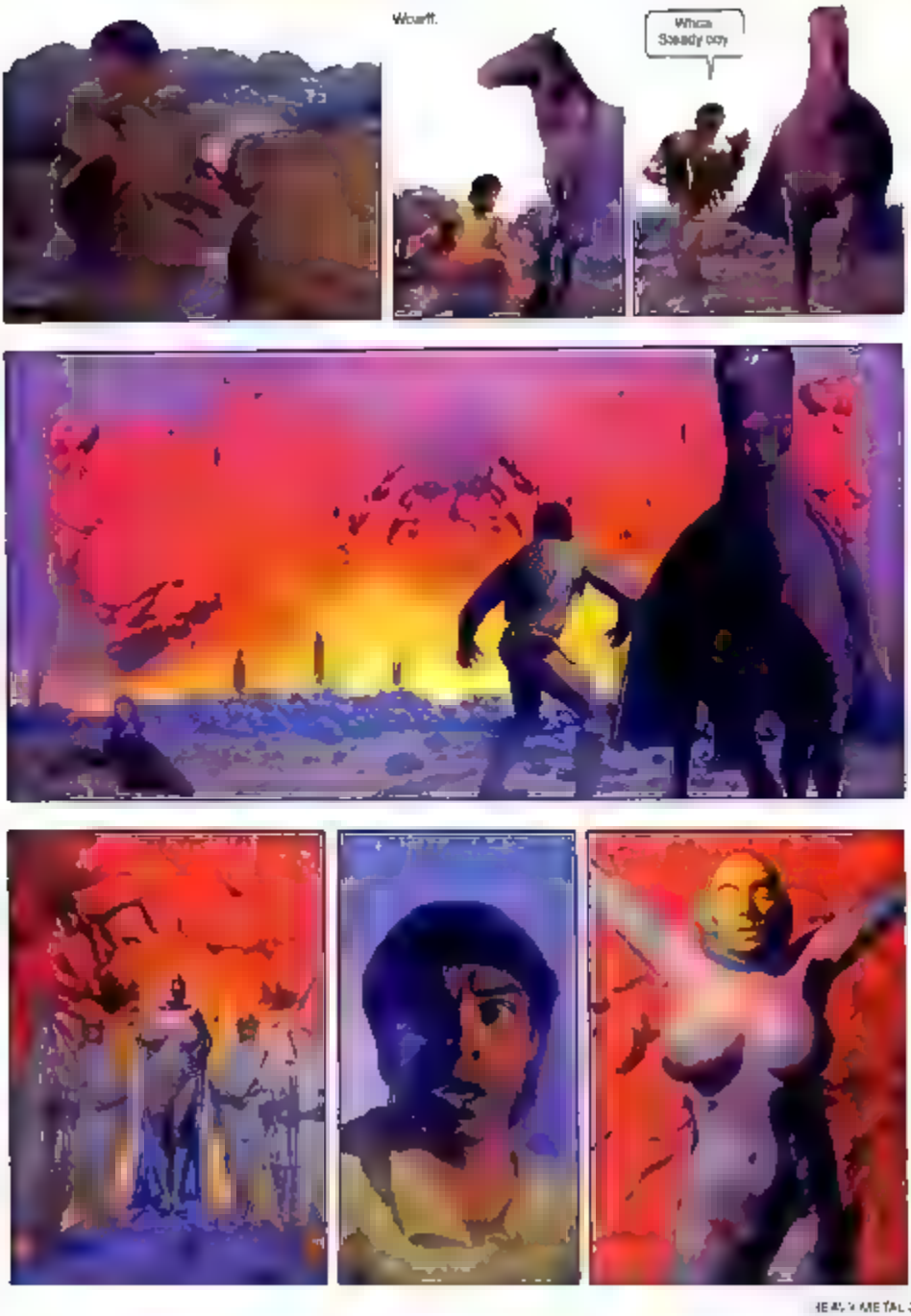
BUT THAT'S NO THER HERE NOR THERE

BEFORE ANYTHING HERE WAS NO SPACE
BOOM!

I GUESS SPACE WAS INVENTED SO EVERYTHING WOULDN'T ALL HAPPEN RIGHT HERE

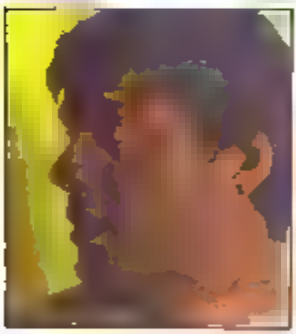
DOOMSCULT

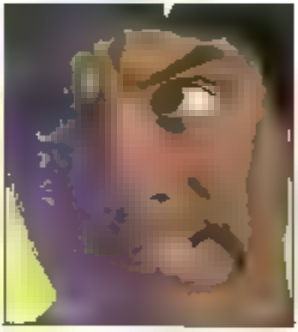
Listen to me. All one else from your ship survived. The nearest town is more than three days away. I'm a stranger in this land as well, but I'm willing to go with you and help you.
OOH. They're dead. I'm sorry. Why don't you come with me to Guzzu. My sister-in-law will feed you.
I don't want any reward. I do it for the same for any human victim of the sea. We'll talk later. Our way.
Sorry we met. But not long enough to warm up to one another.
Sigh. What now?
Oh [illegible]. Nice now. I'm too cold and tired.
There's an unnatural sound noise I've heard along the road for the last hour or so. A charming sound.
She was still shell-shocked after the accident, but she soon enjoyed Dreamy Earth.
After putting a beautiful girl from the sea to sleep, Ayoshi felt a twinge of responsibility for her continued safety.
I am Ayoshi. What's your name?
Ah. Ayoka.

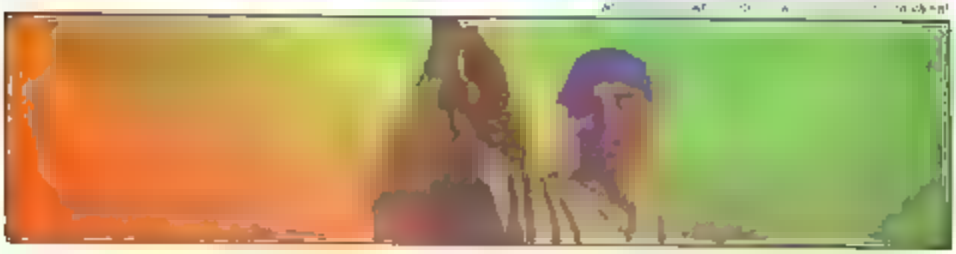

Woah!!
Whoa
Steady on!

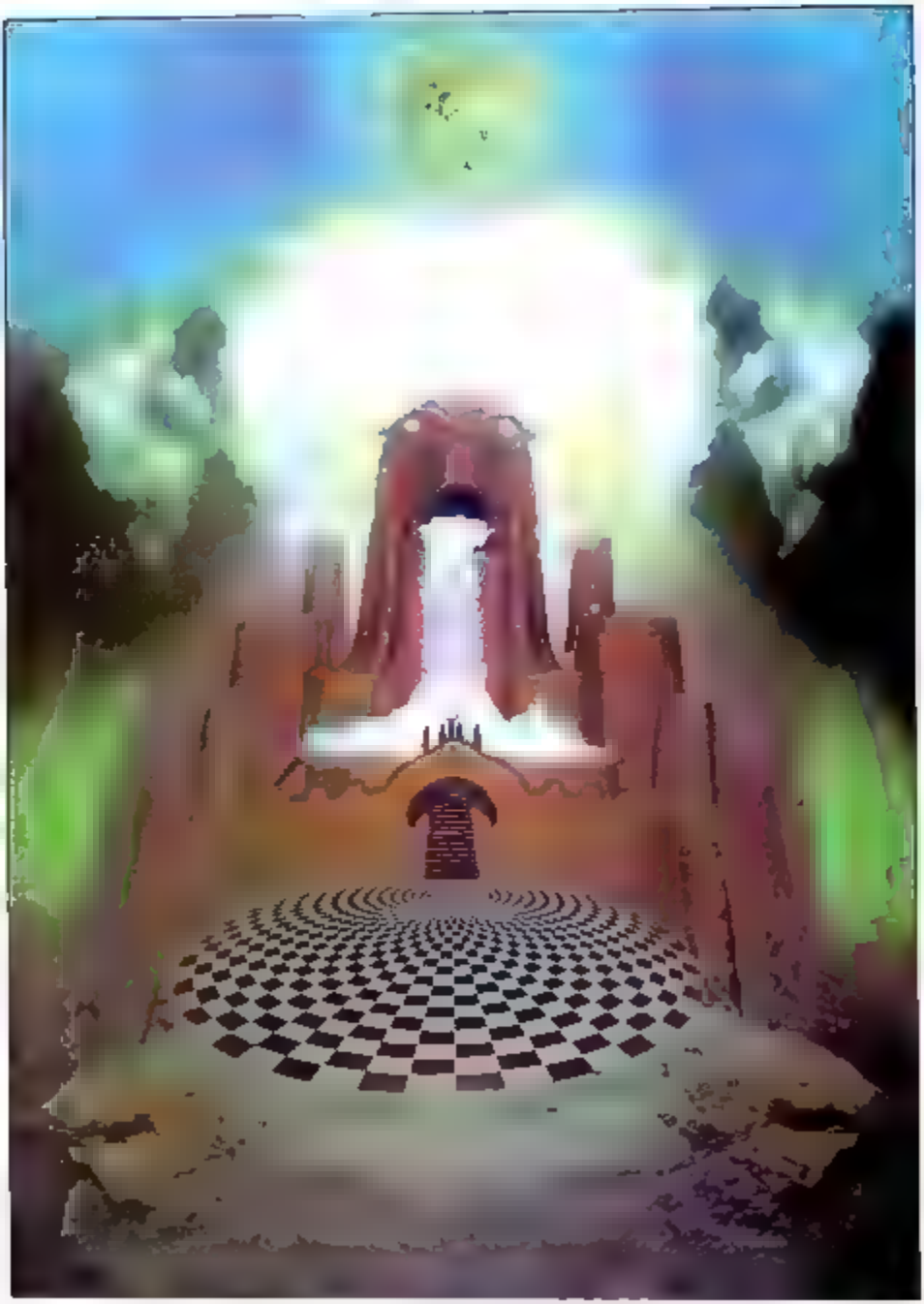
RRRRRUUUUUUUUGH!
AAAAAH!

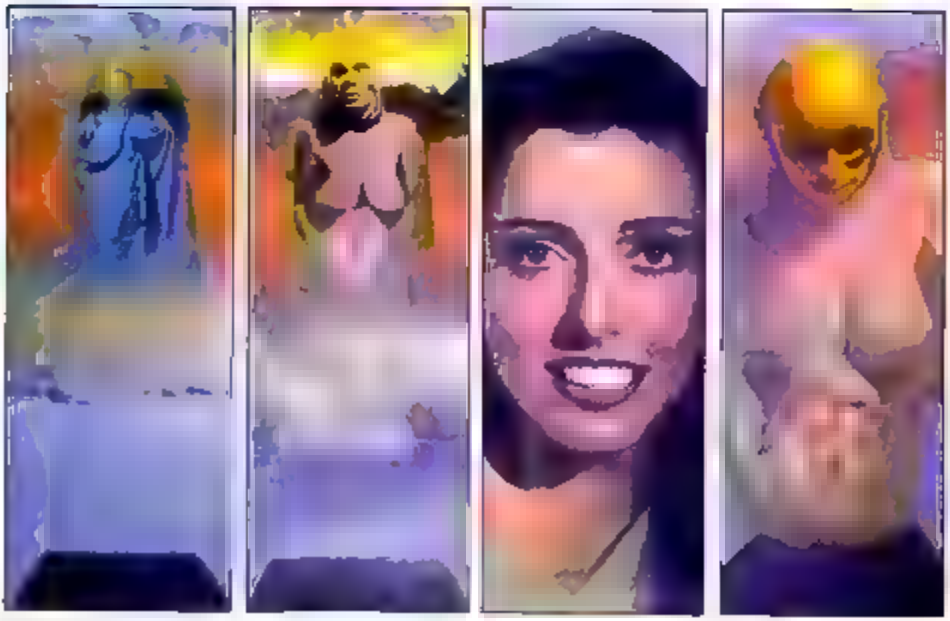
SWAK!
KA-THUNK!
SWAK!
WHIRRR
KA-THUNK!
SWUUTCH!

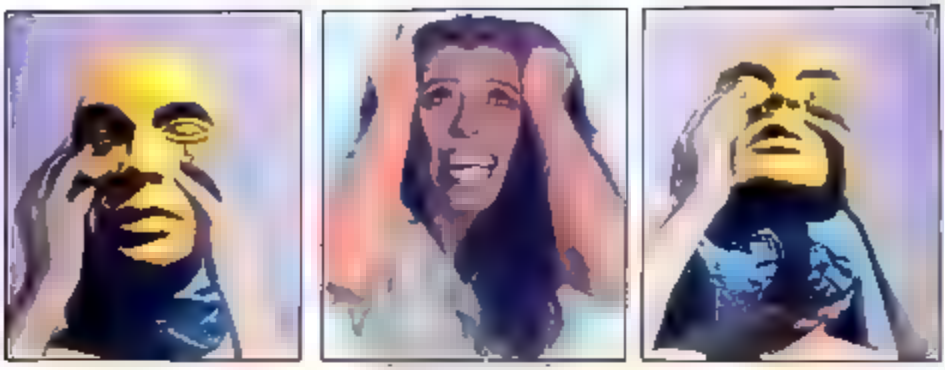


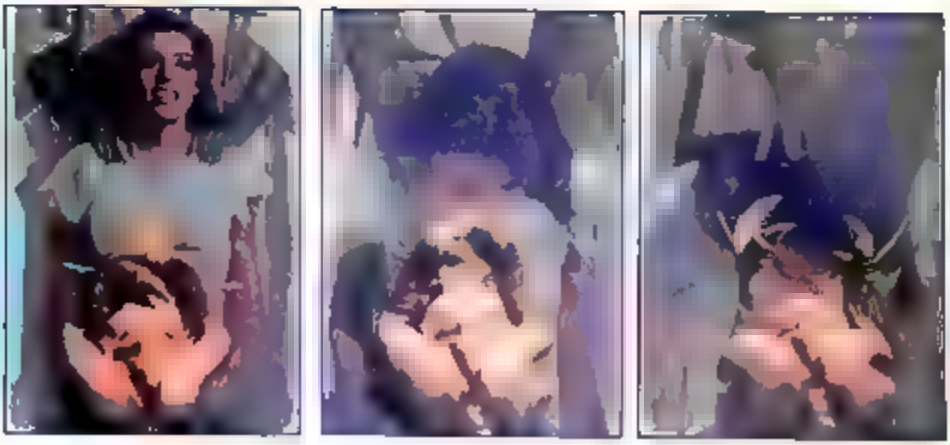




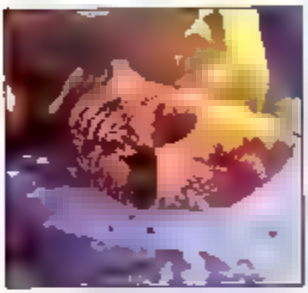


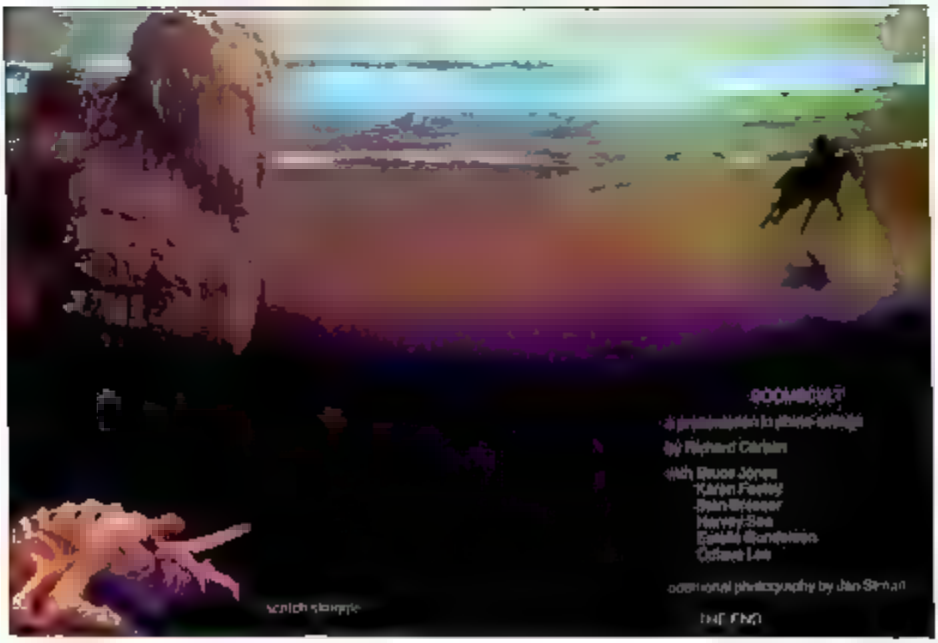


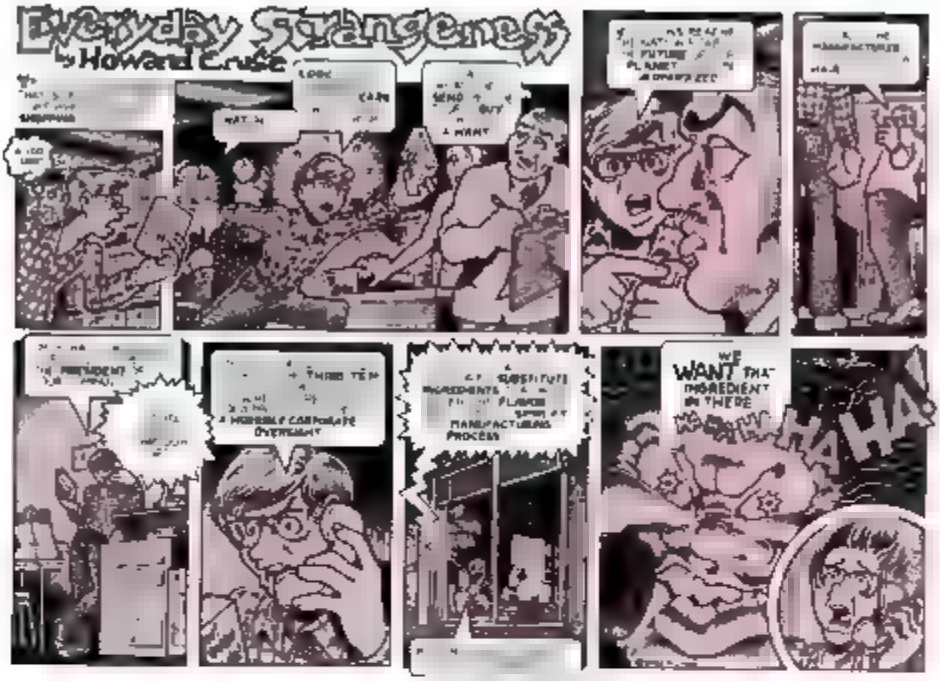




SYIAK!
KRITCH!




BOOMERANG!
a presentation in photo-strips
by Richard Corben
with Bruce Jones
Karen Feeley
Stan Shaw
Harvey Bass
Sandra Shanderson
Octavio Lee
additional photography by Jan Strnad
THE END



Dear HM

As a homeless International Terrorist and night stalker of unsuspecting victims I might well do not hanger the completion of your subscription. I've been at it a number but I would like to see it looking forward to many more years of HM. So did we collaborate and have to see you and get real pals. I need HM to help me go through life and not an unreasonable request. When the late great Walt Disney put out Pictorial in the mid-sixties it was the only publication of kind I ever saw at the SA. When I started publishing I thought there was a place for HM same thing. Wade there is no one article at a time of the moment to publish, by and, matters. What does matter is that Mr. Marcus, Kevin Mar Wade's cartoons are appropriate to the general American public to be marginalized as second-rate pulp writer. Would Ever give us The Mar-a-Lago Harlem. Would ever give us Black Sheep we are you to hurt a race of no longer and more brave. What are we there read instead of HM for one good only Ash, Illustrated Fantasy Magazine has disappointed and never once at reader. I'm ok about to see your coming. Nothing of HM exists in America but a place in. What would you be served otherwise. Thanks in the absurd.

And I'm glad you don't be worried when Cruse parried to some readers. My Cow pressed us. Your efforts are appreciated by many. Being a black person had no interest in new wave or Punk style rock until

[illegible] a few station articles on. Please write if the above read about Watson or others in HM I would be interested learning and would've passed some great, even great, news. But that what HM appeared do take me out side the realm of normal rudimentary experience to other worlds of thought. So to all concerned thank you.

However I must say that if HM does re[illegible]

[illegible]

Metalhead

Yeah I take the to read [illegible]

[illegible]

Yo Marcus

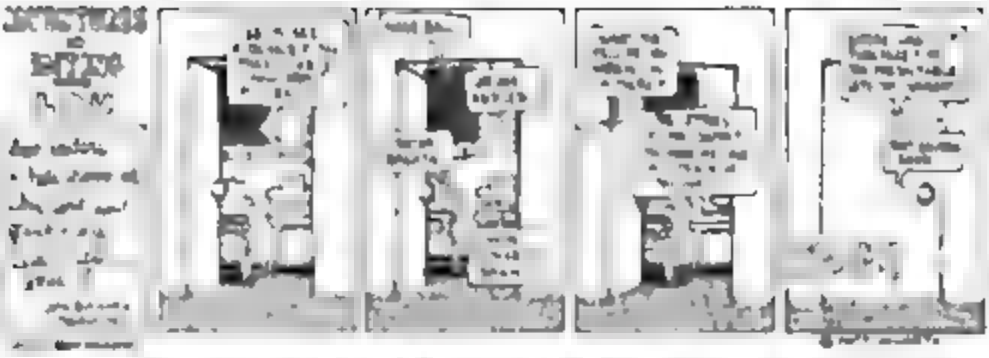
[illegible]

Yeah

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



fun.

exists that it is acceptable to show a totally

Brown

Agreed, except for a couple of points. In today's [illegible] *moral climate a shining is sometimes regarded as more offensive to local community standards of decency than*

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his no'er-do-well accomplice Captain Stemn. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen. Now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear: our silver satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets too.

The original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name! Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Ideal, when dressing for your first prison ball.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 483
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
Please send me the following items:

Captain Stemn T-shirts — x-small — medium — large at $7.50 each.
Heavy Metal T-shirts — small — medium — large — red — black at $7.50 each
Heavy Metal jackets — small — medium — large at $35.00 each
Heavy Metal belt buckles at $10.95 each

All prices above include postage and handling.

New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.
Total enclosed

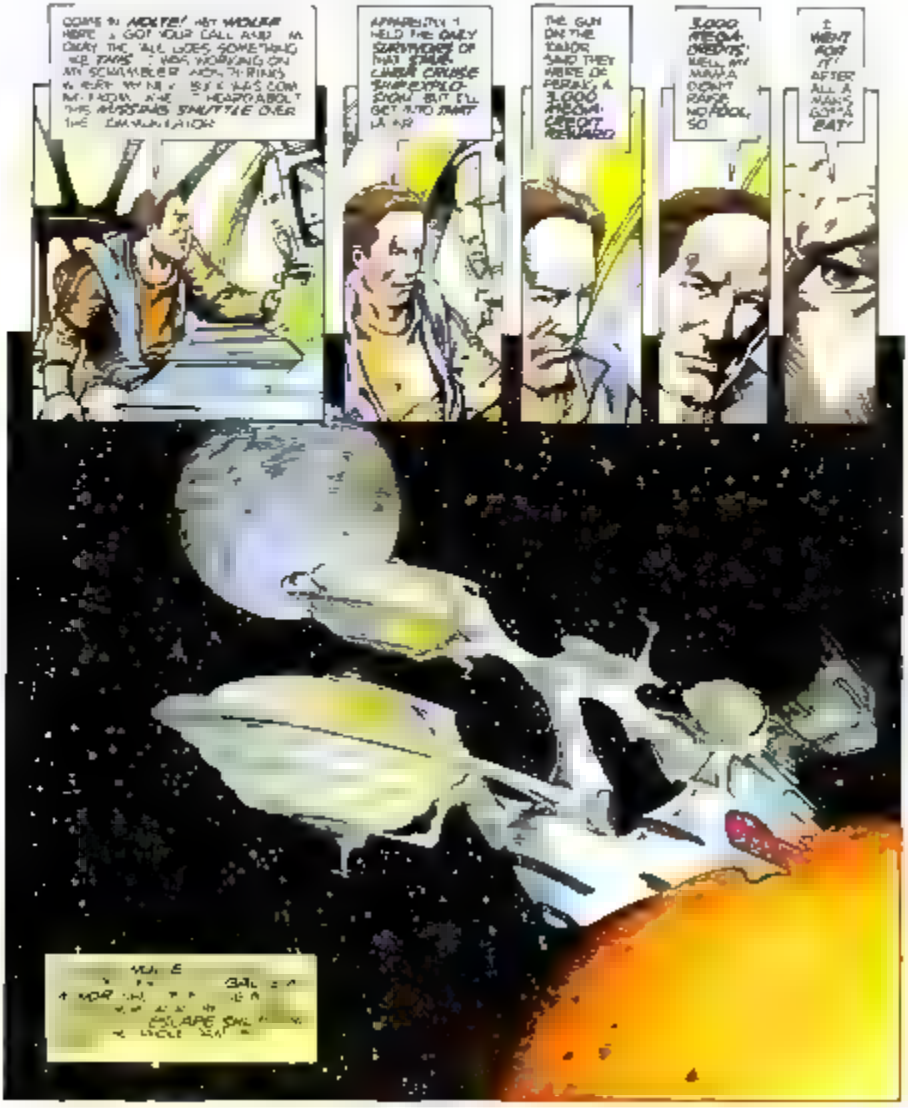
Name

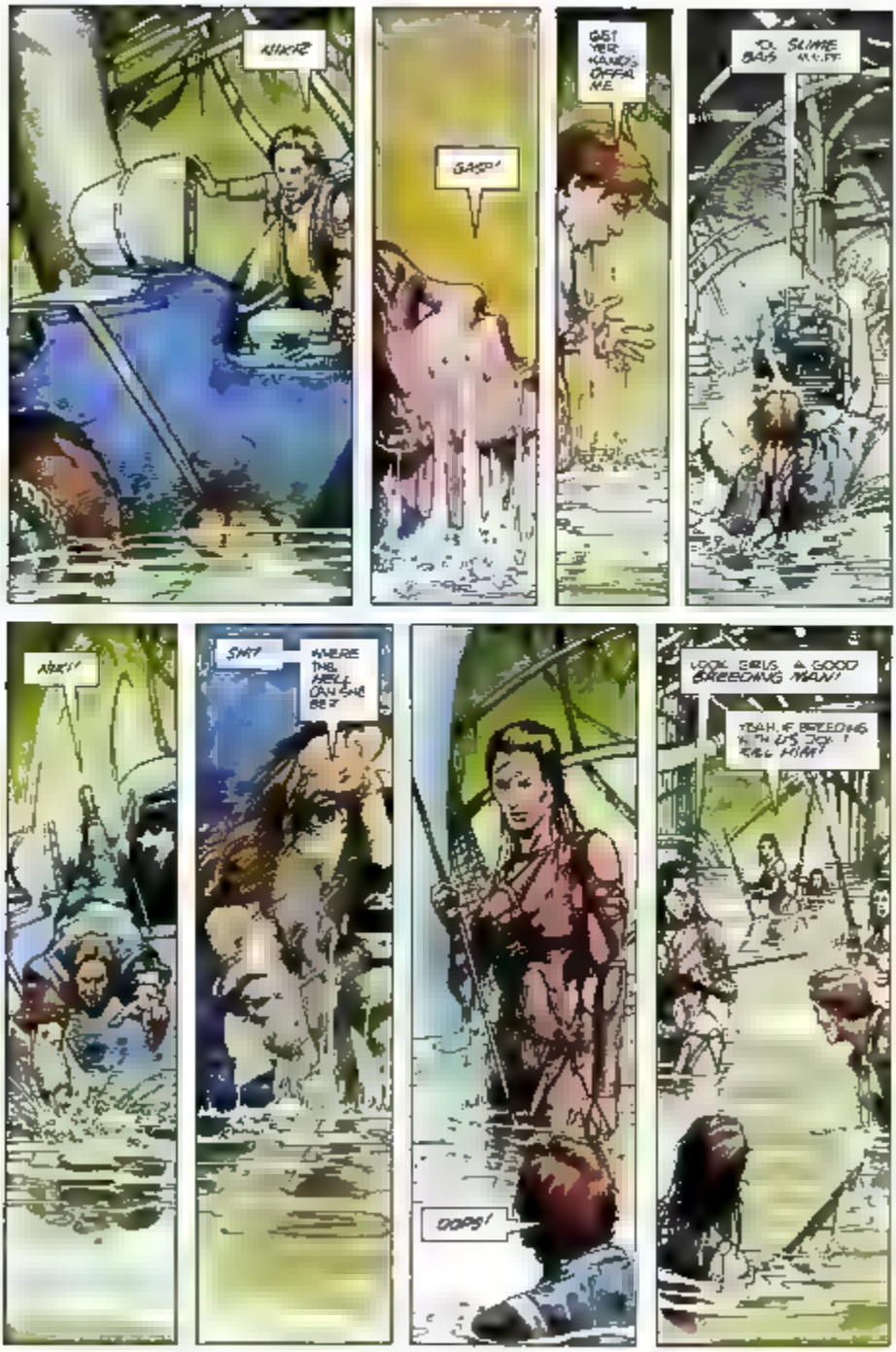
Address

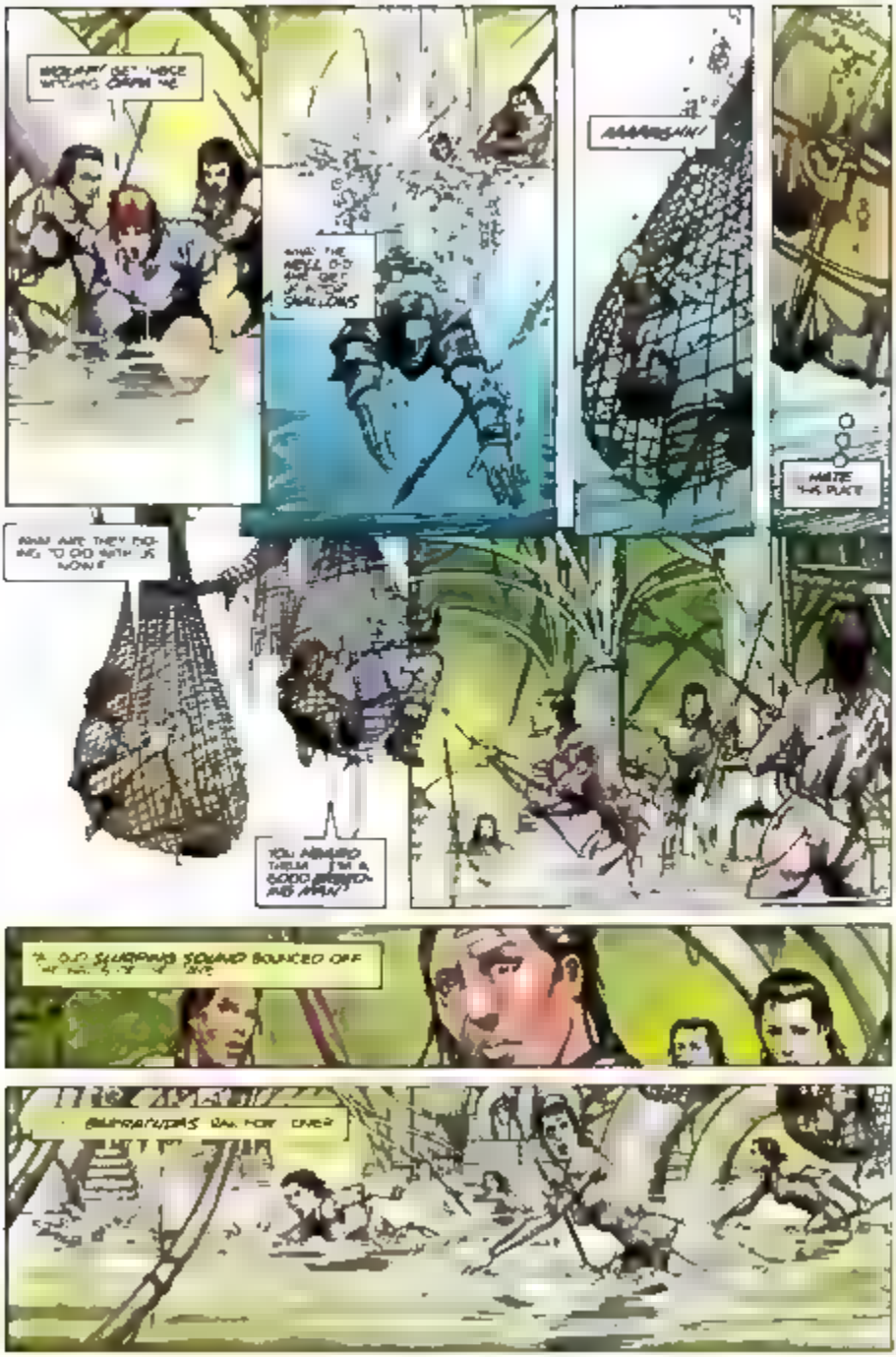
City — State — Zip

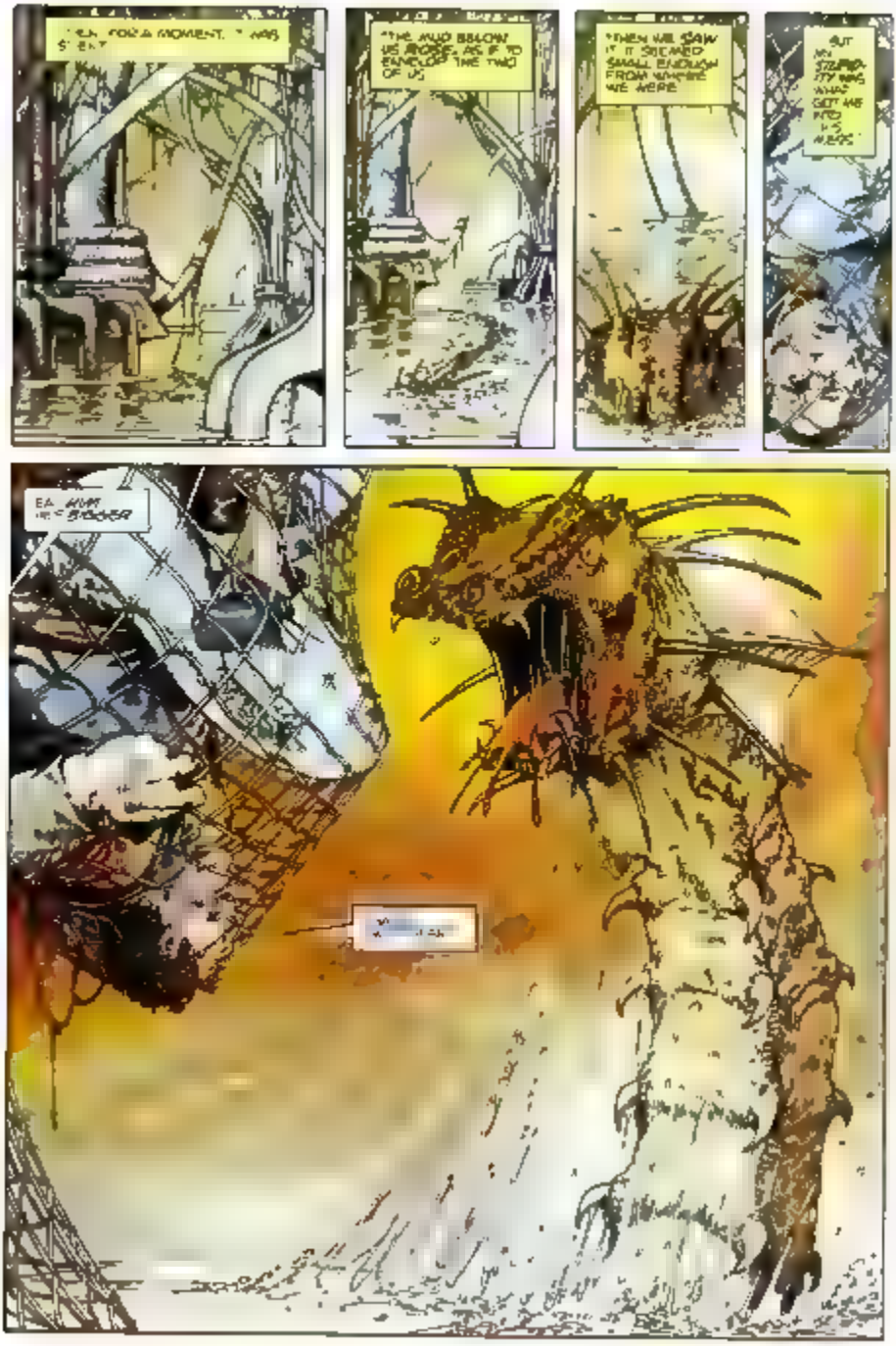
SPACEHUNTER
ADVENTURES IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE

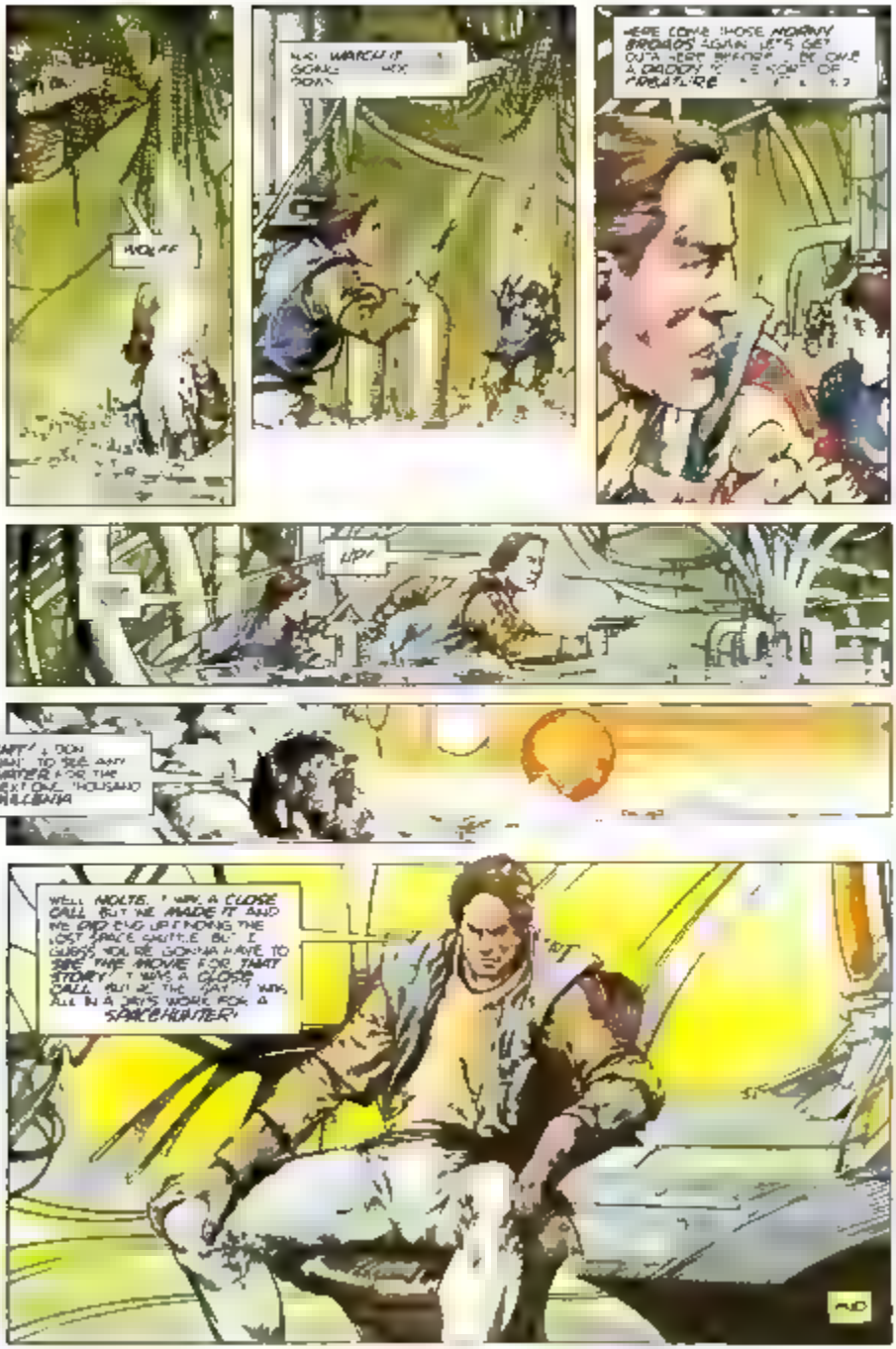
ILLUSTRATED BY JERRY BINGHAM.
WRITTEN BY JULIE SIMMONS-LYNCH.
BASED ON COLUMBIA PICTURES' NEW 3-D SCIENCE FICTION FILM.

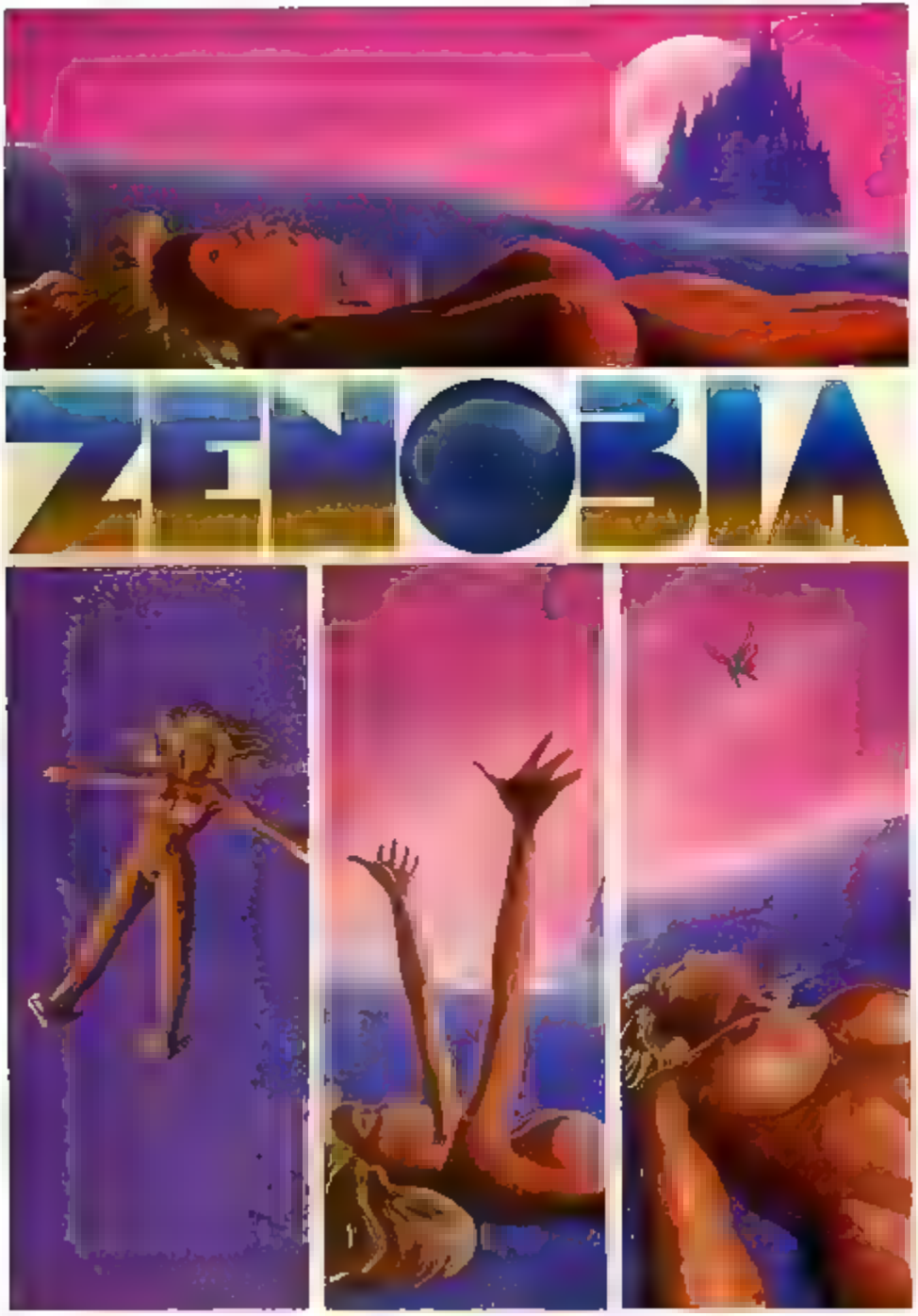

COME IN MOLOK! HIT MODULE HERE & GOT YOUR CALL AND IM OKAY THE 'ALL LOOKS SOMETHING WE TAKE' WAS WORKING ON MY SCRAMBLER MOMENTARILY & JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW I'M HEADED BACK THE HUMANS SHUTTLE OVER THE EMANATION
APPARENTLY I HELD THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THE SPACE CARGO SHIP EXPLOSION BUT I'LL GET INTO THAT LATER
THE GUN ON THE TABOR SAID THEY WERE OF PERHAPS A 3,000 MEGA-CREDIT REWARD
3,000 MEGA-CREDITS! WELL MY MAMA DIDN'T RAISE NO FOOL SO
I WENT FOR IT AFTER ALL A MAN'S GOTTA EAT

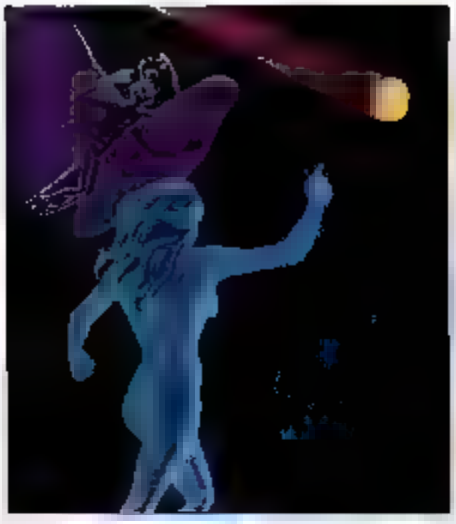

KHAK!
GAS!
GET YER HANDS OFFA ME
O, SUMME BAS
ARK!
SHIT
WHERE THE HELL CAN SHE BE?
OOPS!
YOOL GIRLS, A GOOD BREEDING MAN!
YEAH, IF BREEDING WITH US DON'T KILL HIM!

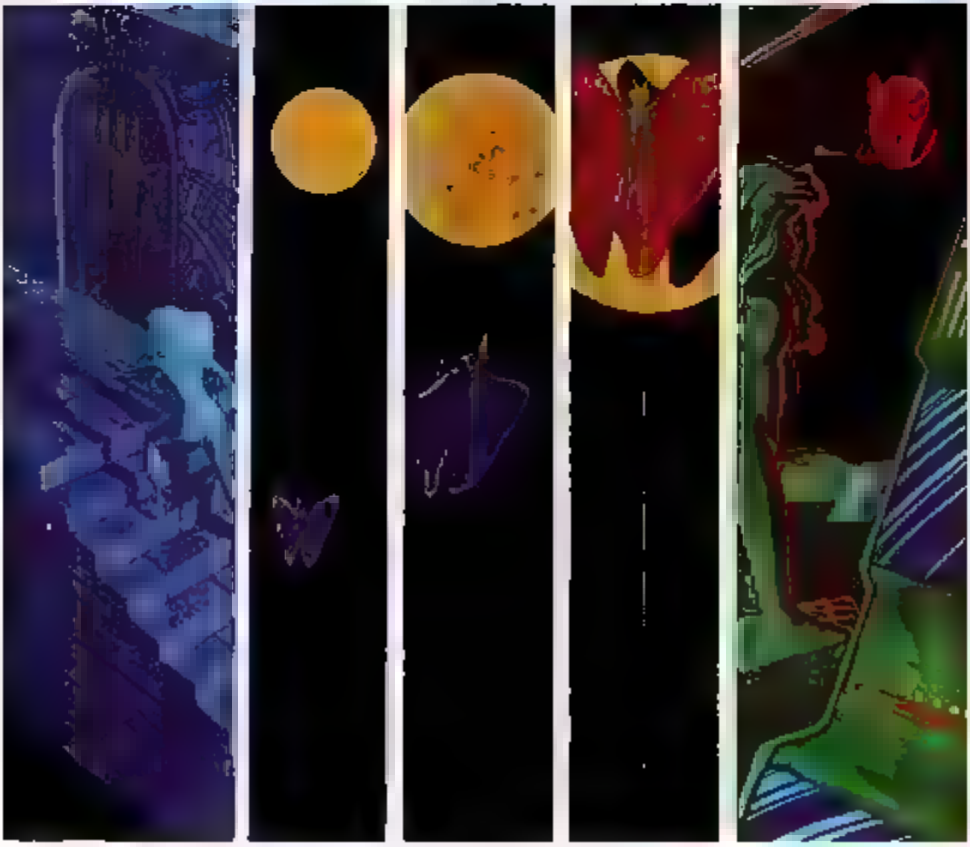

WHAT THE HELL DO WE DO WITH THEM NOW?
YOU ARGUED THELLA I'M A GOOD JUDGE-AND AWAY!
A LAO SLAVERS SQUAD BOUNCED OFF
SLAVERS DAL FOR OVER

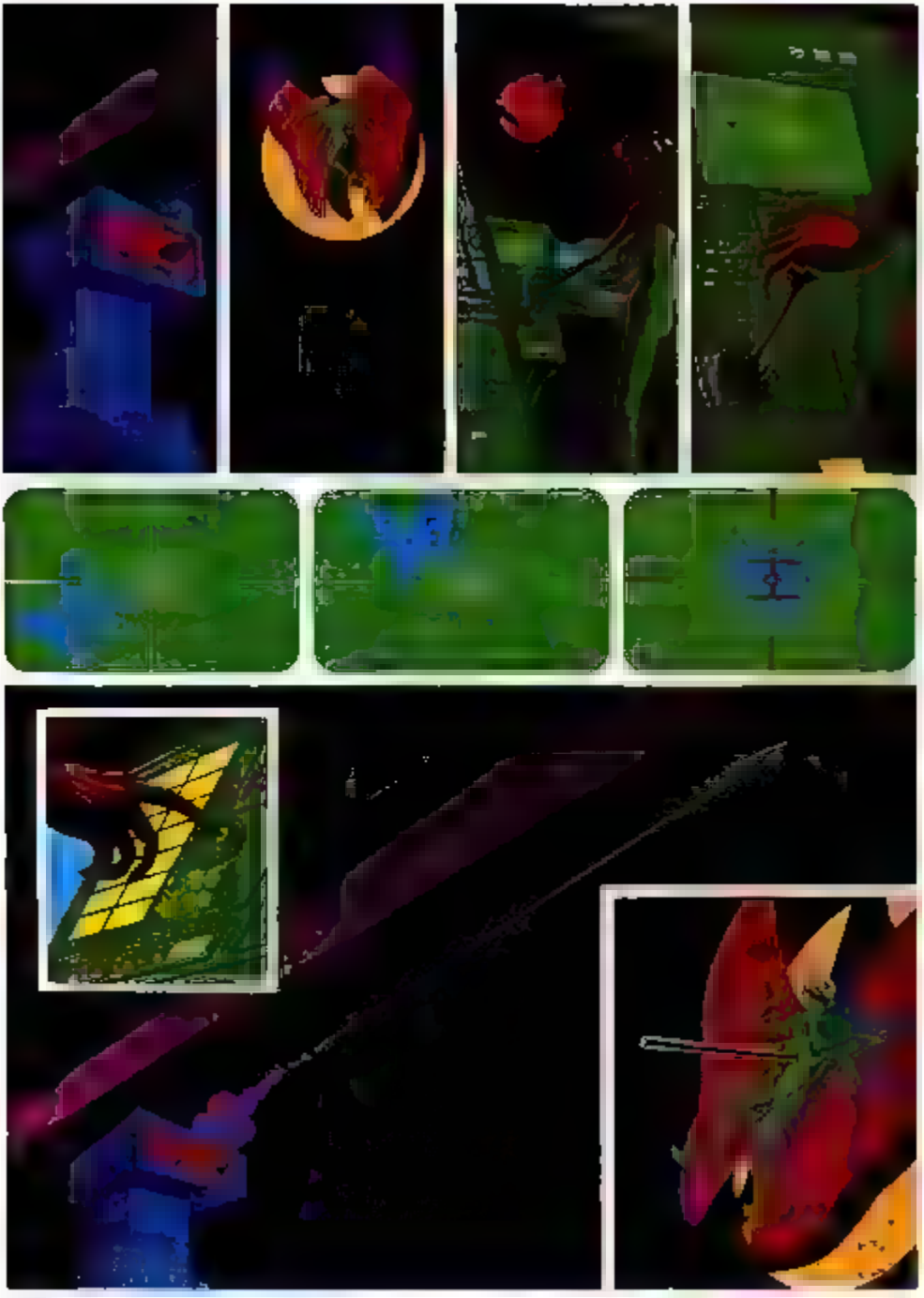

FOR A MOMENT, IT WAS SILENT
THE MUD BELOW US BOOMED, AS IF TO ENVELOPE THE TWO OF US
THEN WE SAW IT SEEMED SMALL ENOUGH FROM WHERE WE WERE
BUT MY STUPIDITY WAS WHAT GOT ME INTO THIS MESS
EA... WHAT IS BOOMER


WOLFF
HERE COME THOSE MORPH BROADS AGAIN. LET'S GET OUTA HERE BEFORE THEY CHANGE A DADDY INTO SOME KIND OF CREATURE
UH!
SHIT! I DON WANT TO SEE ANY MATTER FOR THE NEXT ONE THOUSAND MILLENIA
WELL WOLFF, I WAS A CLOSE CALL BUT WE MADE IT AND WE DID END UP FINDING THE LOST SPACE SHUTTLE BUT I GUESS YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO SEE THE MOVIE FOR THAT STORY. IT WAS A CLOSE CALL BUT IN THE END IT WAS ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR A SPACEHUNTER!
20

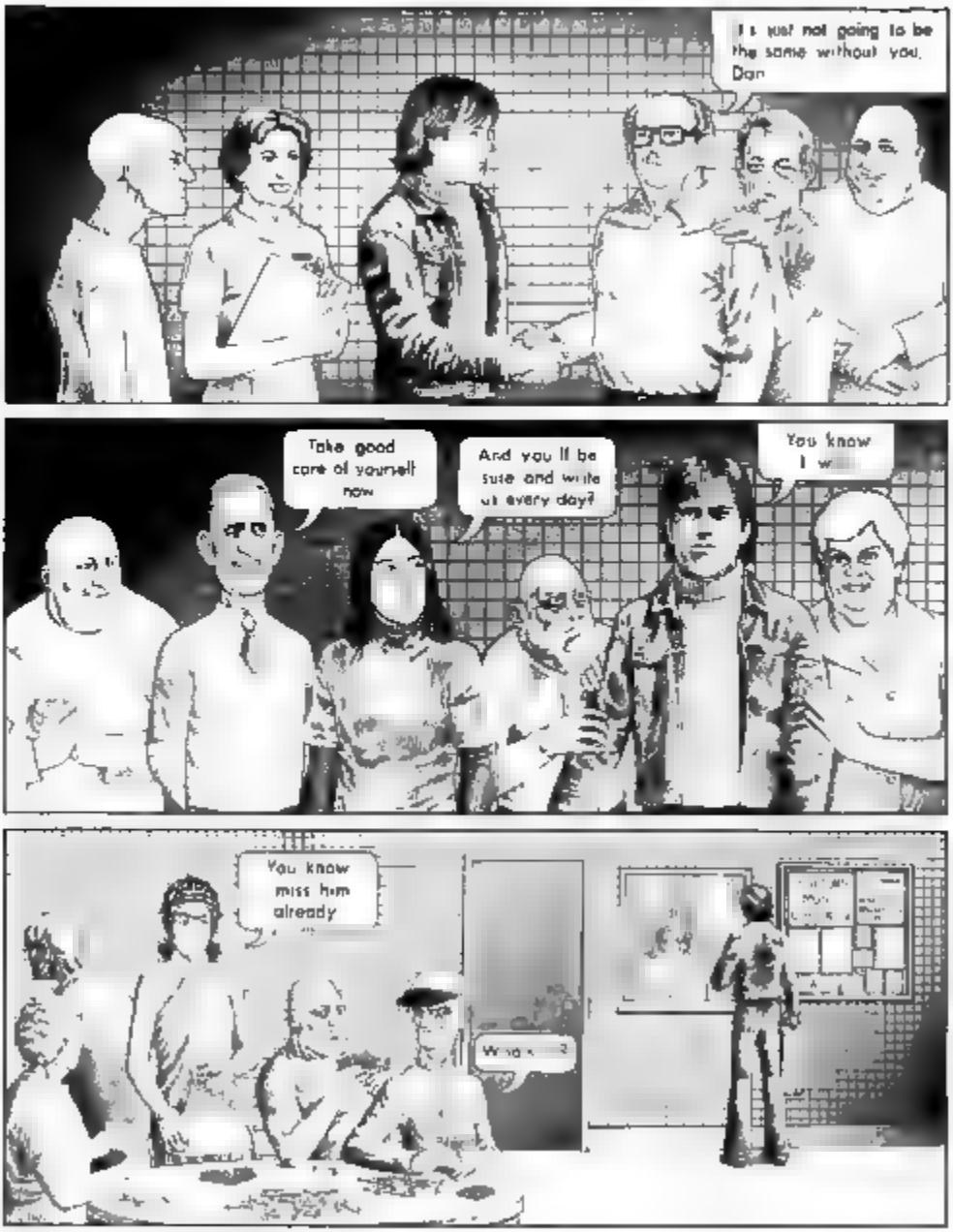

ZENOBIA

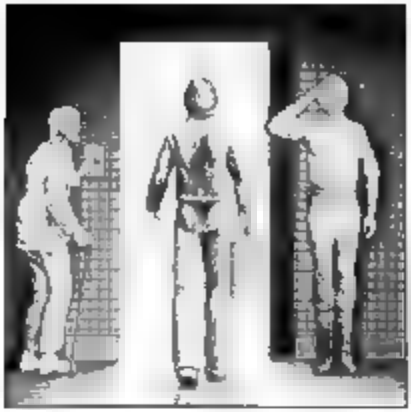






RELEASE DATE

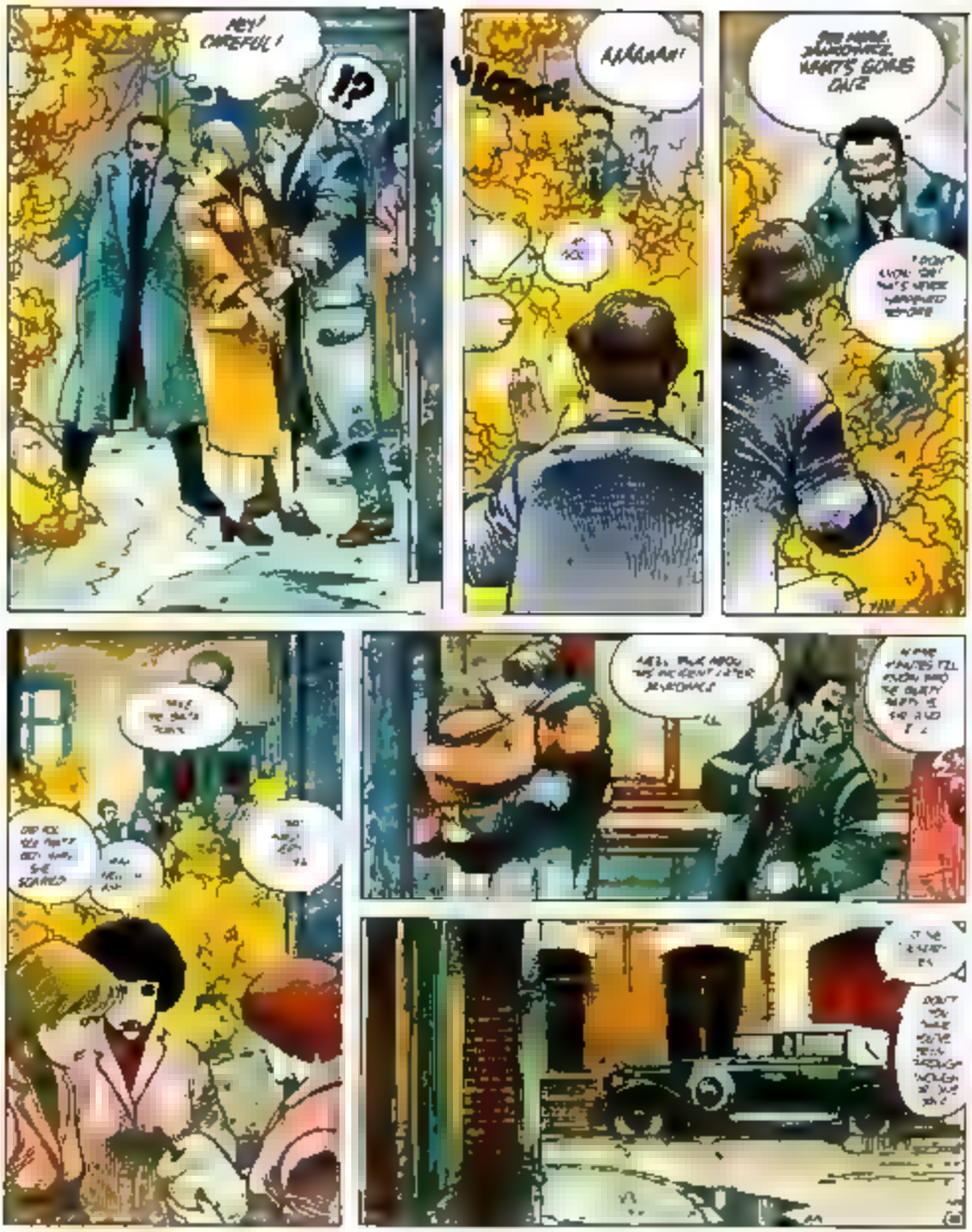

It's just not going to be the same without you, Dan
Take good care of yourself now
And you'll be sure and write us every day?
You know I w
You know miss him already



66

The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

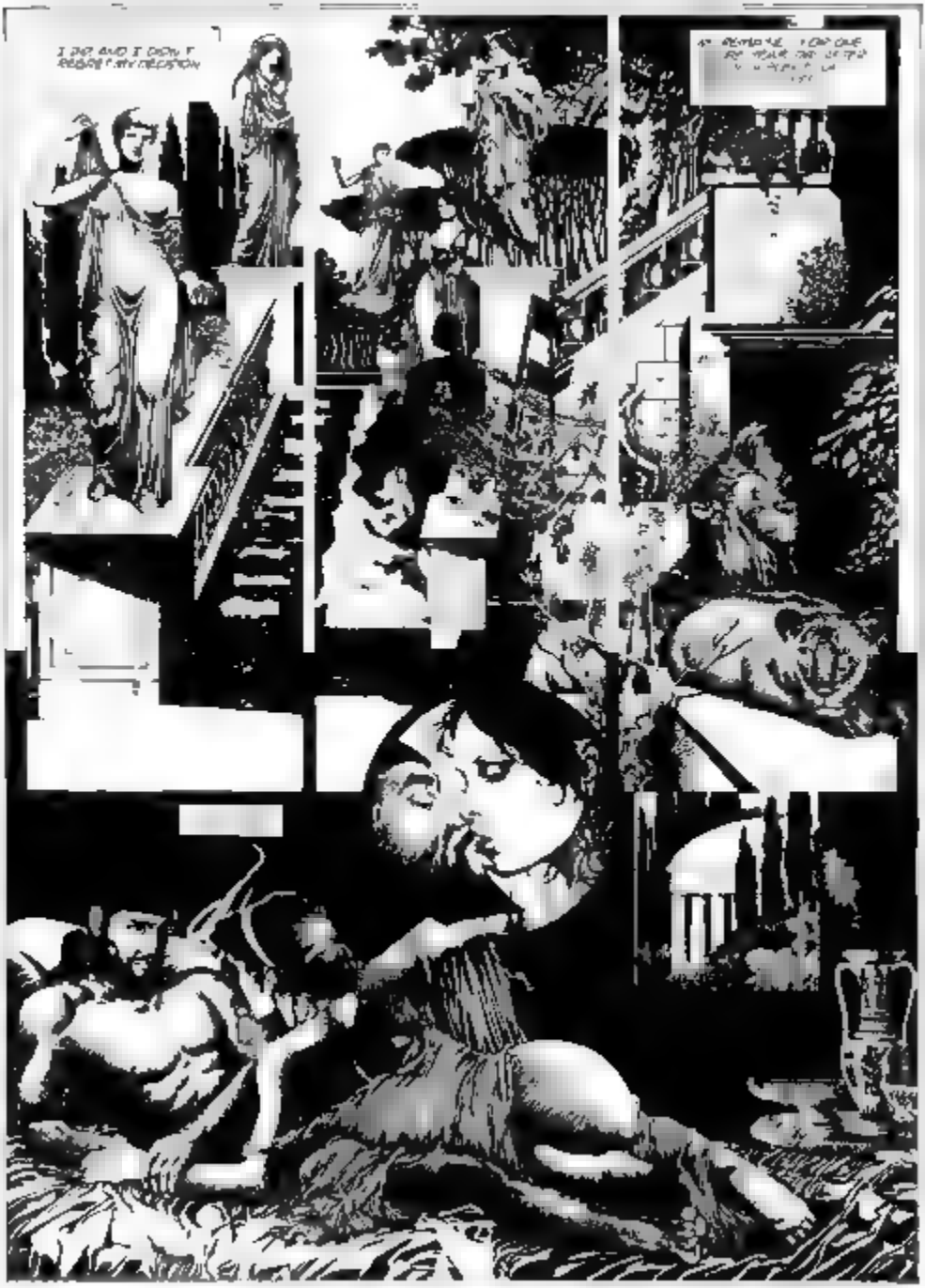

HEY! CAREFUL!
!?
AAAAAH!
WHOOSH
I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE'S NEVER MANAGED BEFORE
HE MUST BE SCARED

EVE ILLI

THE PRESIDENT HAS UNANIMOUSLY GIVEN A STATE OF MARSHALL LAW TO ENABLE HIM TO SAY SOME WORD
SIR, HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN A 15 MM. ROCKET LAUNCHER ON THE SITE WHERE YOU CONVENIENTLY KILLED YOUR ATTACKER?
HE WAS ARMED !!!
PLEASE TELL ME A WORD I'VE TO MAKE A STATE RIGHT BEFORE THE PRESS
THE PRESIDENT IS GOING TO TALK WITH HIS SPEECH
ALWAYS SAID SECRET AGENT MACHINE-GUNNERS DRESSED IN THE SUIT OF GORBACHEV WOULD LIKE TO TAKE A PICTURE
OK.
SO, WHAT SUGGESTED I REMEMBER WHAT SAID? YOU WERE
TO SAY THAT FULLY MAKING ME A GOOD MAN, WITH MY COUNTRY AND NOT ONLY FOR ONE OF THE FOLLOWING REASONS OF SHORT COURT BUT A MAN WHO POSSESSED A SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE THAT WILL NEVER ABOUT BE KILLY ME MAKE A MONKEY AND I'M LOSE MORALITY AND CONFIDENCE
YOUNGBLOOD! AND THE HELL IS HE DOING HERE?

AFTER OUR BOUT WITH THE CYCLOPS WE WERE FORCED TO OUR SHIPS AND WENT ON TO THE ISLAND OF AEOLIA
THERE I ON A WALL FROM BRONZE WINGED AND CHILD WE ARE TREATED ME LIKE A FRIEND BEFORE I DEPARTED HE GAVE ME A LEATHER BAG MADE FROM THE SKIN OF AN OX WHICH HELD ALL THE WINDS OF THE SEA
THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SAURI
I PLACED IN THE HOLD OF MY SHIP A SILVER WIRE SO THAT THE MEN WOULD NOT ESCAPE

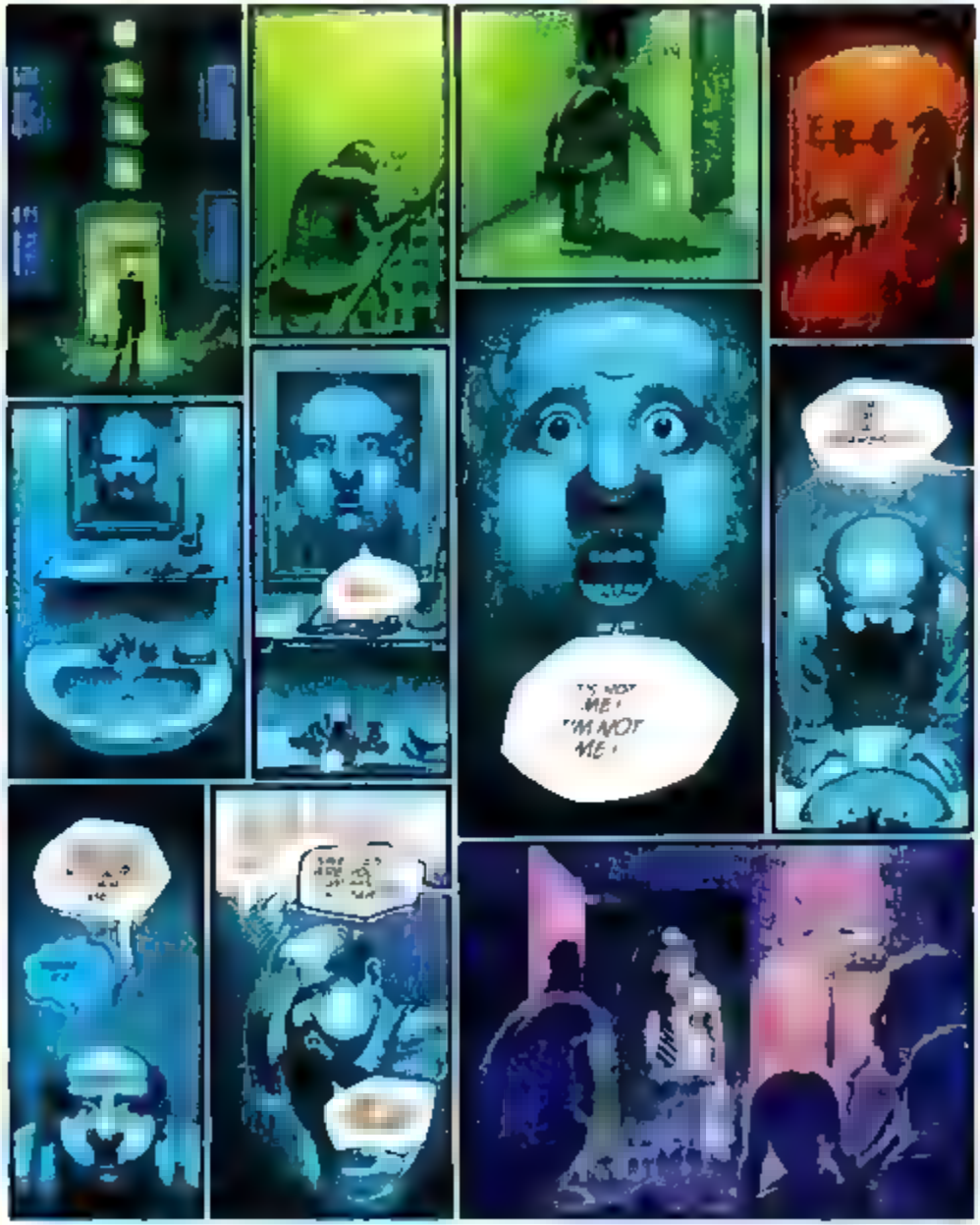
I DIVIDED MY MEN A TO TWO GROUPS AND SENT ONE GROUP UNDER THE DIRECTION OF EURYLOCHUS TO CIRCE'S PALACE
"OFF A TOADLESS MORE O' CLAY!"
NO, SIR. GIT A "TOAD" IN YOUR MAW!


I DID AND I DIDN'T REGRET MY DECISION

WHEN THE YEAR ENDED AND SPRING WAS COME ONCE AGAIN
I'M SORRY, BUT
I WISH I COULD SAY I WON'T KEEP YOU AWAY LONGER IF YOU HAVE TO GO
TO BE CONTINUED

I Got Them Apartment Dweller's Blues

by Cara



YES!
YES!

MY GLASSES!

June 2050 by Drew Friedman

THE MAN FROM
HARLEM
BY CREPAX
COOL BLUES

I'VE GOT TO FIND THE GUY WHO KILLED POLLY. IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD. THOSE GUYS ALWAYS HANG AROUND THE SAME PLACES.'
HE'S PROBABLY HANGING OUT AROUND THE CLUB
THERE HE IS.'
WELL THAT WAS EASY ENOUGH'
SHIT! HE'S GOING MAYBE HE SAW ME

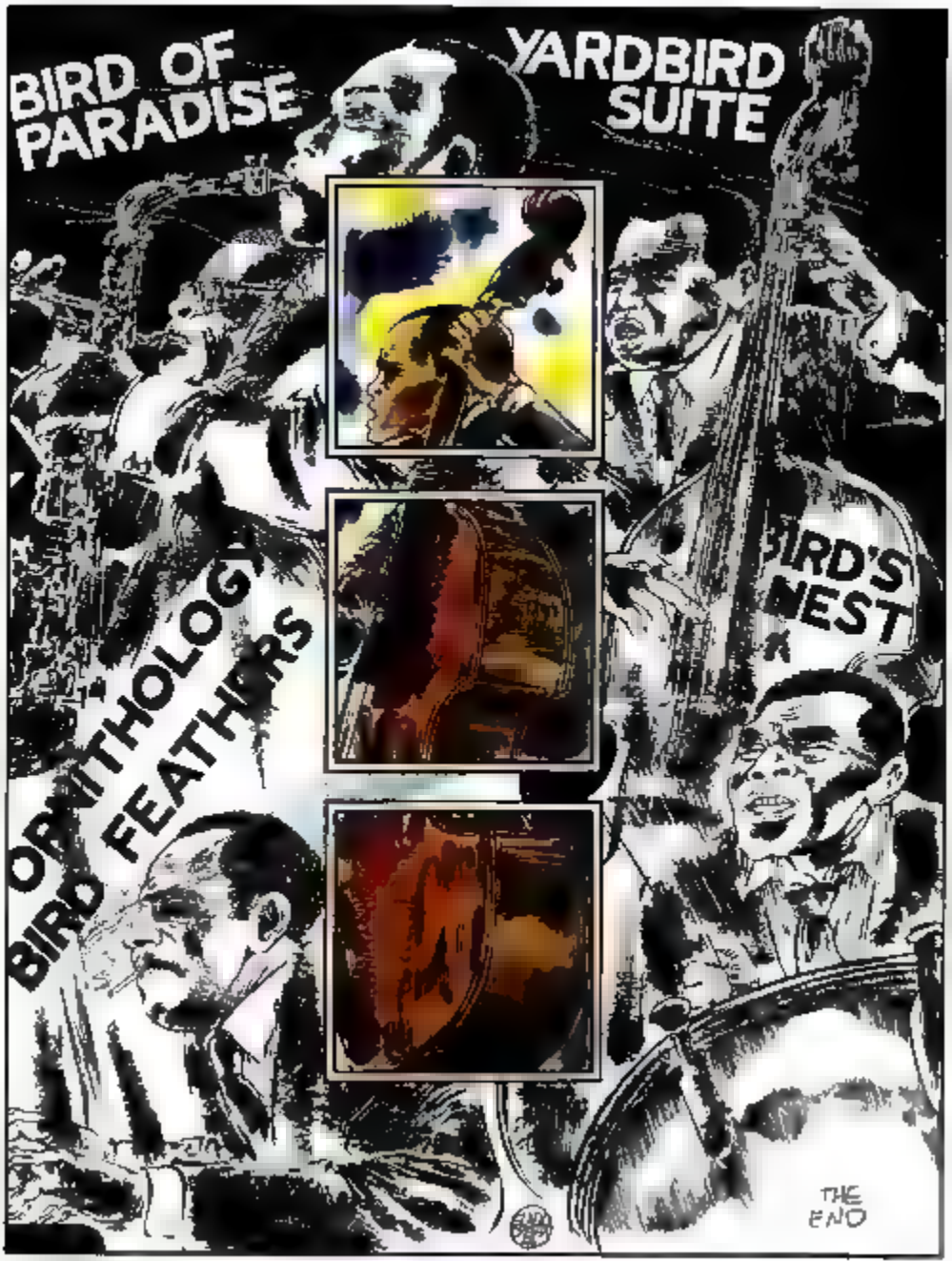
HE'S NOT GOING TO GET AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME
OH DEAR GOD
SBRUN!
HEY WAIT!
THE HYMN
WHERE'S HE GO?
CALM DOWN, TOLLY
THERE'S NO HURRY!
WHERE THE HELL COULD HE HAVE GONE?
HE GOT TO FIND HIM. I'VE GOT TO

SIPPIN' AT BELLS
BAM!
DONNA LEE

WATCH IT!
BANG!
BANG! BANG!
YOU NO! ARGGHH!

THE POLICE
EDGAR!
MOVE IT! COME ON!

I'LL HAVE TO GET BACK INTO THE SWING OF THINGS! MY LIFE HAS BEEN LIKE A MAZE SINCE I MET THAT GIRL!
HEH, LINCOLN!
YOU'RE LITTLE TOMMY LINCOLN, AREN'T YOU?
I'VE HEARD YOU PLAY, MAN! YOU'RE TERRIFIC! YOU KNOW, THERE'S AN OPENING AT THE CAFÉ SOCIETY. YOU INTERESTED?
YEAH, SURE, BUT I DON'T HAVE MY BASS. IT WAS DESTROYED!
YEAH, I HEARD, MAN. THAT'S TOO BAD! BUT I CAN LEND YOU MINE. I HAVE TWO! I WAS OFFERED A GIG IN L.A. I'M GIVING UP THE SOCIETY GIG FOR A FEW MONTHS SO. ARE YOU INTERESTED?
YEAH, THANKS!
I'M FRANKIE JORDAN. MEET ME AT MY PAD ON WEST 25TH STREET AT EIGHT O'CLOCK. OKAY?
YEAH, YEAH AND THANKS AGAIN.


BIRD OF PARADISE
YARDBIRD SUITE
ORNITHOLOGY
BIRD FEATHERS
BIRD'S NEST
THE END

JUNE 2050
D'YA HEAR THAT TROOGER?
MOLECKO SPUR TURNS IN HIS SADDLE AND CUPS HIS GOOD EAR, TRYING TO CATCH THE SOUND OF GROWING THUNDER
SHELLS AND WAVES ABOVE THE SCORCHED WASTE AND GROWING LOUDER, LOUDER, BECOMES THE UGLY WHINE OF LASER BOLTS
SHUT IN TH FLAMIN HELL !!
THAT GUNSHIP JOCK WRANGS BUT WHERE
TROOGER RED ONCE IN YOUR USELESS LIFE
GIDDYAPP!
A LASER BOLT PUTS AN END TO TROOGER'S USELESSNESS
THE SHIP FIRES BACK FOR ANOTHER PASS, COMPUTER TRACK MACHINE GUNS ZEROING ON THEIR TARGET
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUDDY— OR WHY YER TRYIN TO SMOKE ME BUT TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME
LOOKS LIKE A FEDERATION SURPLUS WIND OBSOLETE SINCE THE CORIUM WARS
ALL TURNS IN THE WINGS LEFT REMEMBER
UNDER THE IMPACT OF SPUR'S TRACERS THE SHIP SHUDDERS AND HEAVES BELCHING FLAME
GRACEFULLY TRAILING WHEELS IN AN EXQUISITE NOSEDIVE
AND BITES THE DUST
SPUR UNCOVERS THE DYING PILOT
WANNA TELL ME WHAT THAT WAS ALL ABOUT?
I NEVER DONE NUTHIN TO
A JUNE 2050...
DEA THE ROTTEN LUCK AWYD THAT JERK HAVE TO PICK VELDA TARGET PRACTICE?
NOW I GOTTA WALK THIRTY K LOAFS TO KALIGHOUL
DAMN
THE NEXT DAY
I JUST DON'T MAKE SENSE
NO SENSE AT ALL

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1 APRIL 77 SORRY SOLD OUT

#2/MAY 77 [illegible]

#3 JUNE 77 [illegible]

#4/JULY 77 [illegible]

#5/AUGUST 77 [illegible]

#6/SEPTEMBER 77 [illegible]

#7/OCTOBER 77 [illegible]

#8/NOVEMBER 77 [illegible]

#9/DECEMBER 77 [illegible]

#10 JANUARY 78 [illegible]

#11 FEBRUARY 78 [illegible]

#12 MARCH 78 [illegible]

#13 APRIL 78 [illegible]

#14 MAY 78 [illegible]

#15 JUNE 78 [illegible]

#16/JULY 78 [illegible]

#17 AUGUST 78 SORRY SOLD OUT

#18/SEPTEMBER 78 SORRY SOLD OUT

#19/OCTOBER 78 [illegible]

#20 NOVEMBER 78 [illegible]

#21 DECEMBER 78 [illegible]

#22/JANUARY 79 [illegible]

#23 FEBRUARY 79 [illegible]

#24/MARCH 79 [illegible]

#25/APRIL 79 SORRY SOLD OUT

#26/MAY 79 [illegible]

#27 JUNE 79 SORRY SOLD OUT

#28 JULY 79 [illegible]

#29 AUGUST 79 [illegible]

#30 SEPTEMBER 79 [illegible]

#31 OCTOBER 79 [illegible]

#32/NOVEMBER 79 [illegible]

#33/DECEMBER 79 [illegible]

#34 JANUARY 80 [illegible]

#35/FEBRUARY 80 [illegible]

#36/MARCH 80 [illegible]

#37 APRIL 80 [illegible]

#38 MAY 80 [illegible]

#39 JUNE 80 [illegible]

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#42 SEPTEMBER 80 [illegible]

#43 OCTOBER [illegible] SORRY SOLD OUT

#44 NOVEMBER 80 [illegible]

#45/DECEMBER 80 [illegible]

#46 JANUARY [illegible] SORRY SOLD OUT

#47 FEBRUARY [illegible]

#48/MARCH 81 [illegible]

Printed in Belgium

...ons. What Is Really Real? and The Ambassador of the Shadows centers on Dru the Ambassador of Slaughter's castle Stormwater walls Plus Harlan Ellison's ever-ready say on the state of America.

#81/APRIL 81 An end to the Valley Cohens Bloodstar Dreadful's Good-bye Scheer marry Nesbit's Stunned Rom Landon and an interview with Julio Roberto Cruz There are more but it's time to get the list.

#80/MAY 80 Premiers of Chris Cody Starbuck and Billy the Immortal Kid! Plus Sky Jones The Old Bridge and William S. Burroughs on everything.

#81/JUNE 8 The 10 part of the Richard Corben interview in the mag's acquisition of Corben's pal Medea Harvest's Heroes winds up Plus Cara Lawyer Clipper and our part-time Warrior.

#82/JULY 8 Stephen King remakes it in The Blue Air Compressor Starwars's adaptation of Out and embargoes while Chris Moore's fantastic people of wizard's Blue.

#83/AUGUST 81 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#84/SEPTEMBER 8 SORRY SOLD OUT!

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#86/NOVEMBER 81 Jeremiah's Egg & the World Jeff Jones Sagendorf and B a Jo Metal the art c and Dune Chech beautifully.

#87/DECEMBER 8 Strange encounters with Dalgoda Harry Jeffrey Jones Segrelles and Gulbert Plus Egg and Ag m The Immortals Tale.

#88/JANUARY 82 Out Happy Future issue includes Ang Jo Bilal Vess the one Queen and The Autonomous Man by David Chute Jeff Jones and Barbara Al surrounded by Chaykin and Kamenkar Segrelles Sagendorf and

#89/FEBRUARY 82 Begins with a whole adventure of John Dillon in The Ingel Egg! Wein and Chaykin Golden Fleece gets going again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuiten et al

#90/MARCH 82 Oh 2nd Special Rock issue featuring Dick Manning & the The Man a exhibition Jeff Jones Segrelles Sagendorf and Garcia's Nova 2 begins Eileen Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult Plus our regulars Mercenary Den Rock Doors ex Envoy

#91/APRIL 82 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of mutilation What Am Classical Druidic Medieval Bilal and an essay on S Bilal and you be busy with our staff!

#92/MAY 82 We're sure we gave you the 411 on Dave Stevens's Third Sexual Revolution and do you look at The Art of Da Ex Schwarzenegger Plus Shirow's and Varela by Red Wein and Wrightson

#93/JUNE 82 We bravely bring you an Fantastic Cities issue with artists Ideas Jose Schenk and A Crumb all surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Snyder Jean and Fernandez Ellery

#94/JULY 82 Marcos and a comics strange Like all the Groups and pages from Corben's Fighter to Fantasy Plus Jones Gene's Druillet etc

#95/AUGUST 82 We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's Frank Rhow and Pau and Marcos's The Ape Plus the Ages of The Hick Light by Moebius and Jodorowsky

#96/SEPTEMBER 82 We give you Heath's Music's Bee Ille Ideas upon's Barnum and Hedges Object Plus our regulars Bilal Gamboas Kirkpatrick etc

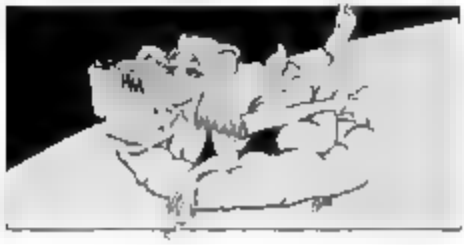
#97/OCTOBER 82 You Have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest sketches you can Don't miss it! P.S. Last part of Black's Third Sexual Revolution

#98/NOVEMBER 82 Part of Kazan's Starstruck Fantasy Tales Arcana continues in this Conning Druillet's Voyage! Plus a peek at Wrightson's Nanoran an more Last Report

#99/DECEMBER 82 A and Starw Gallery the return of Suydam's Mudwog and Mars Flight Ammo Man Plus our regulars Corben Fernandez and Kirkha pages

#100/JANUARY 83 We bring the strange conclusion to Wrightson's Proper Show a look at the Dark Crystal and our regulars Moebius Corben Fernandez etc Happy reading

#101/FEBRUARY 83 The making of the film The Entity Jim Beckwith Earth Book and our regulars Corben Kirkpatrick etc



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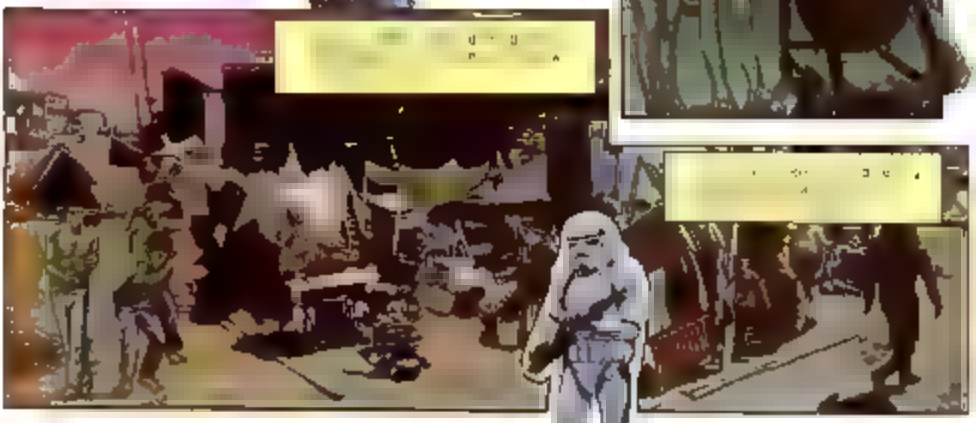

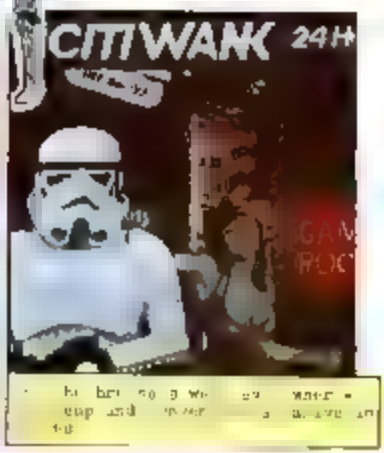

Each encounter led to more embarrassment.
In an effort to overcome it,she performed acts to put the Kama Sutra to shame--but it was no use.
Maybe you should see doctor,sweetiee?
The next day,I joined the long queue at the medical center.
Another case of "Reni's Revenge",huh? The usual venereal pustules--?
No,I just can't get it--
© 1983 "LIMP" ROD KIERKGAARD, JR.
Well,you're lucky because there's nothing I can do for the local brand of clap.In a week or two, you'd swell up like a big pink dandelion puff and blow away like the others.
That's terrible!Isn't there a cure for all these poor guys?
Sure--the cure is death!Don't you clowns ever watch the training films?
To Be Continued

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

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BY THE END OF THE MESOZOIC ERA, THE BUS AS WE KNOW IT HAD EVOLVED

IN THE PLIOCENE ERA, VAST HERDS OF BUSES COVERED THE WORLD'S GRASSLANDS.

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